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AF

F. HERMAN GADE,

NORSK KONSUL I CHICAGO.

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Dedicated to the memory of one who had the highest conception of the duties of a Consul and who for more than a quarter of a century filled that office with unsurpassed grace, dignity and devotion as the representative of the United States at Christiania.

Gift
Author
FEB 20 1918

FORORD.

Blandt de Pligter, der tilligger en Konsul, er ogsaa den i Embeds Medfør at være nærværende og tale ved Nationens Høitidsdage saavelsom ved forskjellige andre Anledninger, da Landsmænd samles for at feire sine historiske Minder eller andre mere aktuelle Begivenheder. Naar jeg ved saadanne Anledninger har talt, baade her i Chicago og andetsteds, blandt Normænd i Amerika, har jeg altid følt dette mindre som en Embedspligt end som et Privilegium og en Fornøielse.

Idet jeg nu reiser hjem til Norge for at nedsætte mig der og træder tilbage fra min Stilling som norsk Konsul i Chicago, hvis Pligter i de forløbne fem Aar er blevet mig kjære, har jeg ønsket at give de mange trofaste Venner, der altid med Imødekommenhed og Velvillie har støttet og opmuntret mig i Opfyldelsen af disse Pligter, en liden Erindring om vort fælles Arbeide for Fædrelandet.

Modtag derfor denne lille Samling som et Tegn paa min Taknemmelighed og som et Udtryk for den Hengivenhed jeg sammen med Eder føler for vor dyrebare "Gamle Mor Norge."

F. Herman Gade.

Frogner, Lake Forest, Illinois,
24de Juli 1910.

Speech delivered in Kuhn's Park, Chicago, May 17th 1897 on The Constitution of Norway.

Fellow Countrymen:—

Patriotism great and deep-seated is manifested here to-day. On a foreign shore, thousands of miles distant from our beloved country, this patriotism asserts itself and finds expression in celebration similar to that at home. We march in procession with our national colors as they do far off there in Norway, where we ourselves, most of us as children, some even at more advanced age, have marched with flag in hand to the honor and glory of the dear mother-land and her day of rejoicing. To-day we unite in mind and heart with our brothers at home — for home it still is and ever will be, however good citizens we make here —, and we sing the praises of that home in its national hymns and commemorate the day when there was given to her that bulwark of liberty and independence, the constitution of "Syttende Mai".

Of what does this patriotism consist? Love of our country with its beauty, traditions and customs? Love of all that is dear to us from our childhood; the relatives, friends and other ties there at home? Yes, love certainly and something else beside, which perhaps after all is a part of that love: gratitude deepfelt and lasting, gratitude for what she gave and still gives, gratitude for all she was and still is to us every day of our life.

We are told that we make good citizens in this country, that we are found to be an honest, industrious trustworthy

people. It is said that we are the kind of immigrants this country wishes and needs, and that we seem to bring with us from across the seas a knowledge of institutions and conditions of the freest kind, presumably similar to those existing here. It is said that we are an element for good and benefit to this country in standing on the right side where principle is involved, above all, that we are *law-abiding*.

If this be true and we are deserving of such commendation, if we are in truth law-abiding, it must be due to the conditions and institutions of our home, where that quality was fostered in us which naturally obeys and respects law. It must be for the reason that we are accustomed to a law that commands respect and deserves obedience.

To a people's laws and institutions one must look to learn its nature. The rules and regulations laid down by a people for its own conduct are a criterion of its sense of responsibility and honor, and according as they are just, good, liberal or reverse, they advance or retard that people's growth, development and happiness. They cannot but affect the attitude, not only of the people as a whole, but in some degree of the individual towards every question met with in life.

What laws has Norway? What is her constitution? It is a constitution than which none on earth can be found more free and just. Some would object to this on the ground of her not being a republic, having an impression that monarchical form of government implies a curtailment of the people's power, that in fact the word "king"

means loss of rights to the people. But is it after all so in Norway? Do we not know that the will of the people is asserted there in more prompt and telling manner than in this republic, and that our constitution retained as chief executive a "king", because our traditions, abounding with the leadership of a king, so demanded it? Has not the Norwegian people repeatedly passed the measures it wished above the king's veto in accordance with its constitutional right to do so? Did not the democratic spirit of the Norwegian people bring about the abolishment of titles against the expressed wish of King Carl Johan, nobility being a last remnant of class distinction repugnant to the spirit of the constitution.

And this constitution it is to which we to-day pay honor and respect with deep feeling of gratitude in our hearts not only for its strong care and protection of us at home, but also for its lasting benefits to us here in training and adapting us to American citizenship. God keep that constitution safe and give to our people strength to preserve it intact and sacred!

Three Letters from Norway to The Lake Forester written during the summer of 1902.

Sognefjord, Norway, July 17, 1902.

The Lake Forester:—

We have reached the famous region of fjords on the west coast of Norway and are at present sailing on the Sognefjord, the longest and grandest of them all.

A fjord is an arm of the sea cutting into the land and winding, first in one, then in another direction, deep in between the mountains, and often dividing into numerous smaller arms, bays and inlets. While a fjord may be very narrow, occasionally only a couple of hundred feet in width, its possible lenght may be understood when I mention that we are now over one hundred and fifty miles from the open sea. The depth of some fjords is marvelous, even exceeding that of the open sea outside; and the water is usually calm and placid on account of the protection and shelter afforded by the high mountain walls on all sides. Sometimes, however, there may lurk treachery in a pass between the peaks, whence a sudden gust of wind will descend upon the fisherman's light skiff.

The walls of rock rise from the water perpendicularly several thousand feet all around us. We are so hemmed in on all sides, so entirely shut off from the green slooping world outside, that we seem to be mercilessly caught in a trap of stupendous design and proportions. Our little steamer approaches the gray wall nearer and nearer,

finally so close that collision seems inevitable. There is an impulse to stretch out one's arm to ward off the blow. Suddenly there appears a narrow inlet through which we escape destruction only to glide still further into the tremendous towering mass of rocks.

Gradually the mountain-side begins to slope slightly and at the same time is clad, though but scantily, with verdure. Out of the very stone grow dark Norway pines, intermingled with occasional dots of lighter birches, but both of stunted growth. Moss hastens to do its share and cover the bareness between. One asks constantly how this strange vendure can exist in such stern places and receives only the answer, that nature here verily is grateful for wondrously little.

The top of the mountain wall stands out sharp against the sky and extends in irregular lines of bold crag and cliff, until it lifts itself into a majestic peak. Here and there the water has worn it into a gorge that runs in a deep rut down to the fjord. On top lie wide snow fields and gleaming glaciers, the latter blue, green—every opalescent hue. Further down the mountain side are numerous smaller patches of snow, shielded by the rock from the rays of the sun, defied to the very end of the short Norwegian summer.

From the ice and snow above flow countless streams, mighty rivers and tiny brooks, all hastening to the fjord below, in leaps and bounds of rushing, glittering waterfall. White against the rock they look in the far distance like thinnest silver threads. The rush and gurgle of these waters is all that breaks the awful calm

and stillness of this region. In some places the peaks are so enveloped in misty clouds as to be entirely lost to view —lost up in that enchanted world peopled in the Norwegian imagination with all manner of mountain folk, "trold," "huldrer," "nisser." And these mysterious creatures of the old Norse folklore do not omit to give evidences of their existence to common mortals below, for moans and groans are heard to come from the glaciers, and awful avalanches tell of still more serious trouble among the turbulent supernaturals.

The fjord itself, mirrorlike, reflects so truly all majestic nature around as if it wished to make double sure that it should be indelibly impressed upon your mind. Its deep blue, shifting into all metalic shades, recalls the descriptive line of a famous Norwegian ode to the fjord:

"Steel-gleaming shield o'er Vikings' graves."

This is the famous land of fjords. Mecca of summer pilgrims from all parts of the world. An hour ago we saluted Kaiser Wilhelm on board his great "Hohenzollern," and just now, in passing Mr. Goelet's beautiful steam yacht, we have done proud reverence to the Stars and Stripes. Fredrik Herman Gade.

Hardanger, Norway, July 25, 1902.

To the Lake Forester:—

The distinguishing feature of the scenery of Norway is its wonderful variety. In this respect it can claim decided superiority over Switzerland, having all the beauties

of the latter country and much besides. In the eastern part of Norway, especially along the Swedish boundary, there are long stretches of pine-clad hills enclosing comparatively wide valleys of fertile, well cultivated fields, the farm houses here also having a prosperous well-to-do appearance. Further west the mountains are higher and leave less space for the valleys between, in which however the vegetation is still luxuriant and varied. In ascending from these valleys and passing the line of tree vegetation one comes upon vast stretches covered only with moss, low bushes and alpine flora, and dotted and streaked by innumerable lakes, rivers and brooks. Sometimes a plateau, enlivened by patches of snow, but occasionally rising into dignified peaks; then there is the high mountain region of wild black peaks, white snowfields and blue glaciers—all looking like angry waves of a tempestuous sea, something approaching that which Switzerland so boasts of; and finally, in the west, Norway has her most characteristic and famous features, her chief pride, the like of which is to be found nowhere on earth—the fjords. In traveling through the country from east to west we have seen in turn each one of these aspects of Norwegian nature, from the most mild, generous, smiling, to the sternest imaginable.

From Christiania we proceeded into the interior by railroad—little play cars as they appear to an American—making, by "limited express," eighteen miles an hour! Meals are obtained at the stations on the way, where the traveler, after helping himself to some of the tempting dishes on the counter, states the extent of his consumption

and his consequent reckoning. Such an idea as a possible loss through a dishonest patron could not enter the Norwegian mind. The railroad journey was followed by steamboat travel for half a day on a long but very narrow sheet of water, which, as in fact most of the lakes in Norway, is merely a widening of the river. When our little steamer, at the further end of the lake, entered the river proper and encountered swift current and rapids, progress became slow and looked at times most dangerous. The many logs that in places filled the river and came dashing down upon our bow and under the keel with a pounding, rumbling sound, were also by no means reassuring. Any fears we might entertain were, however, dispelled by a look at the rotund figure and smiling countenance of the old captain, who had steered his boat successfully over that exciting course for the last twenty-five years. He related with pride how Genral Grant had been one of his first passengers, and how, many years later, Admiral Selfridge of the U. S. Navy had stood beside him on the bridge the entire afternoon, watching the skilfull navigation.

Now commenced the four day drive through the long Valders Valley and across the mountains to the west coast. And here I must say a word about the little Norwegian ponies, that, without apparent exertion, carried four of us and baggage all the way, accomplishing about fifty miles a day. The horses of the celebrated Nordfjord breed are generally light tan in color and of stocky, short limbed build, emphasized by the cropped mane. Though not graceful to look at, they have qualities of much

greater worth—strength, endurance, and patience incomparable. They are so surefooted that they can safely tread the most difficult and steep mountain paths, and they possess a nerve that laughs at precipices beneath.

The roads of Norway are a revelation and never-ceasing wonder to foreigners traveling upon them. First the feats of engineering involved in their building, and then the maintenance of the roadbed. Mountains are scaled and crossed by means of long curves and numerous zigzags, all of such gradual ascent as to make the grade hardly noticeable. Often the road is for several miles hewn wholly out of the rock and supported by a tremendous wall of stone and masonry, while in exceptional places it is even necessary to cover it with a strong roof as protection against avalanches and falling stones. The sides are protected with formidable stones several feet high, placed along the edge, in case of a precipice or lake below so close to one another as to form a nearly continuous fence. The surface of the road, sandy but hard, and rarely either dusty or too wet, is of such a graceful and uniform bevel as to put to shame the builders of the famous old Roman roads. I have heard American travelers exclaim that their park drives at home could not compare with these Norwegian highways.

While one can readily understand that Norway may produce and educate able road engineers, one has difficulty in comprehending how so poor and sparsely settled a country can afford the immense cost of such construction. The answer is perhaps, that the government has deemed the outlay good policy for the country, in fur-

nishing a great inducement to travel there, which means employment for many people. Of materials there is certainly no lack, for the mountains and river beds furnish respectively the stone and sand required for the best macadam.

The excellent maintenance of the roadbed is the same, whether the government itself keeps it up or the farms of the district through which it passes are charged with the duty. The latter arrangement is often adopted in lieu of, or rather, as a kind of taxation, and the peasants prefer paying the tax in this indirect manner—by work instead of money. Pieces of the road are allotted for care to the several farms in proportion to their acreage, consideration being also taken to the benefits accruing to each, and the pieces in question are marked by signboards bearing the name of the farm, length of allotted piece, etc. Should a farm be remiss in the discharge of its "road tax," the owner would quickly and effectively be reminded by the sheriff, among whose duties it is to make frequent and careful inspections of the roads in his county.

Fredrik Herman Gade.

Christiania, Norway, August 17, 1902.

To the Lake Forester:—

In my last letter I told of our taking the four-day overland drive from eastern Norway through the Valders Valley to the west coast. I want now to add a few impressions of the houses and people we saw on the way.

In the east, where the valleys are comparatively wide, and nature on the whole generous and smiling, the farms

are large and prosperous with extensive, though, to be sure, often steeply sloping fields of grain and pasture. Here, too, there is evidence of an abundant number of cattle, and the buildings of one single farm may number over twenty, there being a separate house for every conceivable purpose. The most singular and quaint of these are the "smoking house" and the "stabur."

The former is not designed, as one might suppose, for the after-dinner comfort of the male members of the family, but, on the other hand, serves a purpose strictly utilitarian. Here fish and meat are cured, dried and smoked for long keeping and future consumption—good haunches of venison caught on the high mountain, beside the humbler produce of the farm itself, hams of goat and pig, sausages, etc. The smoking house is always easily recognizable by the absence of windows and by the charred and blackened appearance of the logs near the door resulting from the operations carried on within.

The stabur is still quainter, perched in the air several feet on wooden or stone posts, and accessible only from a flight of steps, separated by such a space from the threshold as to call for a good stride in entering. This singular manner of building fulfills admirably its purpose in making the stabur or storehouse absolutely ratproof. There are usually two stories, of which the lower is used for food, stored in sacks and boxes on the floor and hung from large hooks in the rafters, or, if good cheer for the holiday season—home brewed ale, mead and "aquavit" (Norwegian brandy)—kept in strong barrels and kegs. The top story, which extends out beyond the lower and

is sometimes furnished with a little balcony, is chiefly devoted to clothing, for bed and table as well as the person. Here are kept the fine costumes donned only for weddings and other great occasions, and in summer it is a convenient place to put away the sheep and bear skins needed in the cold season. A stabur may occasionally be found decorated with rich wood carving, the work on door posts and lintel perhaps placing its origin with certainty five hundred years back. Not the least picturesque feature of the stabur, as well as of certain of the other buildings, is the roof, consisting of a good crop of grass, interspersed with bright wild flowers and even supporting fair-sized trees. In the construction of such a roof the rafters are first thatched with birch bark and on top is then placed a deep layer of earth, sufficient for luxuriant vegetation. In more than one place we observed the pet goat of the farm having a good meal on the roof.

In connection with the farm, as forming a detached part of it, I must not omit to mention the "sæter," a dairy hut or group of small buildings situated up in the mountains, often far distant and at an elevation well above the tree line. In the latter event the sæter house is built of stones piled on one another without aid of plaster or cement. Hither the cattle of the farm are taken by the girls to graze during the summer months on the fat mountain pastures, and the quality of milk obtained is found to amply repay the trouble. Butter and various kinds of cheese are made from the milk, and the girls are further kept busy watching the cattle from straying away on the wide mountain slopes. At one sæter we visited

there were only goats, the specialty there being the famous Norwegian goat's milk cheese. In the fall, towards closing time, when the season's work is about over, the monotony of sæter life is agreeably broken by visits from the valley. If there are several sæters close to one another and a fiddler available, there may be a dance of a Saturday evening, when the national "Springdans" and "Halling" will alternate furiously, with but short pauses, until well into Sunday morning. The former is extremely picturesque and graceful and affords both partners an equal chance to display their suppleness, grace and strength, a noticeable feature being the pirouetting of the girl, steadied in the performance by her partner's hand. The Halling is danced by the men alone, and a conspicuous part is the finale of high kicking. On the boundary stretch between the mountain pastures of the two valleys, Valders and Hallingdal, there is a plateau in the nature of a common, where the young men of these two valleys close the sæter season with an elaborate athletic contest entered into by both contingents with the most zealous rivalry. If the Norwegian brandy has been taken too freely, these peaceful contests have been known to assume a fiercer aspect, in which the daggerlike knife carried in his belt by every Norwegian peasant, has played a part important and even fatal.

As one proceeds westward through the country with its ever-increasing sterility and ruggedness the appearance of the people seems to be gradually undergoing a change—to become more dark and fierce, in keeping with the sterner surroundings. The peasant's face bears the

mark of the incessant struggle required to sustain life; it has the impress of the somber mountain looming threateningly upon all sides. The face does not smile so easily in a narrow valley shut off from the rays of the sun for all but a few weeks of the year. In these ill-favored sections of the country the commonly held opinion that the Norwegian peasant invariably has fair hair and complexion must be abandoned, for a dark type is here far more frequent. In the fjord districts of Sogn and Hardanger, where the race is said to be unusually pure, one is constantly struck with the remarkable beauty as well as the fine build of both the men and the women. The strength and virility of the race will be best understood when I supply the statistics showing the average height of the recruit of the Søndfjord regiment to be six feet two!

These people have remained faithful to their old costumes, while the peasants in other parts of the country, particularly along the beaten track of foreign travelers, have exchanged them for city clothes. The peasant costumes can be seen to best advantage on a Sunday, when the peasants from far and near come to the little parish church in their best attire. The women of Hardanger are particularly picturesque in their black skirt, white embroidered apron and white blouse with like embroidery at neck and wrist, red bodice edged with ribbon af gay and variegated pattern, spangle-jewelry covering the bosom from throat down to the breast-piece of artistic heavy bead embroidery, belt likewise of bead pattern and fastened with silver claps, and finally the most distinguishing

feature of the costume—the broad, graceful, beautifully crimped headdress called "Skaut."

It is to be hoped that the contact with the outside world has not had a deeper effect upon the Norwegian peasant and done away with any of his old-time proverbial honesty!

Fredrik Herman Gade.

Speech delivered at Brands Park, Chicago, May 17th 1903 on celebration of the day and on "Skandinavisme."

Fellow Countrymen:—

On this our great National Day our hearts first of all turn to Norway, our dear and distant country; to Norway, which to those who were born and spent a part of their life there must always remain in a peculiar sense "Home". Our hearts go out to this home, and we see visions of this National Day spent there in joyous celebration. Whether it is in the city or in the country, the day is marked with gladness and festivity. Before our eyes rises the country clad in her fresh spring garb—the light green of the Birch and Maple—the profusion of wild flowers: Blaaveis, Hvidveis, Violets, Marie Nøglebaand; and even after long years the wonderful fragrance of it all comes back to us. All nature is unfolding and developing in the balmy spring air with an exultant rapidity unknown elsewhere. And there is no lack of light to celebrate this birthday of the country; for at this season, only a month distant from midsummer, there is scarcely any night at all—the day is longer than it ever becomes in this, our adopted country. Could our National Day possibly have come at a more fitting season, so perfectly attuned and so beautifully symbolic with its abundance of budding spring and rich promise?

The vision of which I speak recalls to some of you the day up in the mountains; to others in a village or small town; while many, with me, see it in the large city

Christiania. Before my mind is the picture of the capital city of the country, profusely decorated with national colors, and with its streets teeming with a gay holiday throng. Not only the large public buildings, but every house, even the humblest dwelling, flies its flag. Every child carries his own little flag, and young and old wear the same colors on the breast. The Students' Glee Club are singing the national airs in the quadrangle between the University Buildings, the same stirring songs that we listen to here today. The popular interest centers particularly on the two great processions, that of the schoolboys in the morning and that of the men in the afternoon. The latter is composed of numerous bodies of men of all classes, the only qualification to march being patriotism. The procession is led by the dignified body of our Storthing, and thereafter follow all associations, guilds and labor unions with their respective banners, insignia and bands. Truly a noble procession, and one that makes a deep impression upon the onlooker!

But it is the boys' procession of the morning which persistently remains in the foreground of the picture and never can fade from the memory. Early in the morning they assemble from the oldest about to enter the university to the little tots of the kindergarten, and in the large public square each school ranges itself behind its banner and in its proper place. The rivalry regarding order of march in the procession has been previously settled by casting lots. The seniors of each school muster their own army and arrange it by classes, so there is a gradual even slope of heads from the senior class to the shavers of the

first grade of the rearguard. To the seniors is also entrusted the honor of carrying the large school banner, but every boy, without exception, carries his own Norwegian flag. At regular intervals in the procession bands are stationed to play the national airs. The excitement increases until the lines become a long quivering mass of red, white and blue, and when impatience has reached a point that theatens to throw the little army into confusion, the word is at length given to march. The different schools now vie with each other in displaying well-ordered ranks to the spectators along the line of march, among which there is many a proud parent, not infrequently with moist eyes. The procession swings into Carl Johans Gade and marches in stately fashion up this principal street of the city to the palace. Passing the statue of Carl Johan the army stands before the palace gates. A great shout of childish voices rends the air, which finally swells into the song "God save our King so good". If perchance that good and gracious ruler be there to receive the ovation of young Norway, he expresses his appreciation and affection in his own truly kingly manner. Descending the palace hill the line of march continues past the university, where proper homage is paid to this national institution. Farther on, reaching the parliament building, a new demonstration takes place; for here tribute is paid to the representatives of the people, the real rulers of Norway ,the successors of the body of patriots that framed the Constitution at Eidsvold on May 17, 1814. Again and again the soprano voices are lifted in the strains of "Ja, vi elsker" and "Sønner af Norge". Although on the long line of march

arms begin to sag and little toes to stump the heels in front, fatigue is forgotten, and patriotism blazes in every eye. The point of destination is finally reached, the large open square at the fortress. Here the army arranges itself around the rostrum, which is mounted by one of Norway's great orators. The boys are reminded of the great events of the original May 17th, of the noteworthy deeds done since then to preserve and confirm Norwegian independence, and, finally, of the duties that will devolve on them as the coming generation of Norway's men to keep that independence intact and the honor of the country sacred. But above all the great orator and poet —you all know whom I mean—reminds the boys that their patriotism should be the love of a son for his mother, for Norway is the great, kind, loving mother of them all.

This manner of celebrating our national day is of great importance to the citizenship of the young generation. The boy from his earliest years is taught to express his loyality in song with those of his own age; he takes part in the official functions of the day; the duties of loyal and patriotic citizenship are indelibly impressed upon his mind. His celebration of the day is not limited to the noise of firecrackers. And to you, my countrymen, I earnestly submit whether the custom of our own country—the boys' procession—is not worth perpetuating among our children here in America. If you yourselves keep a lasting and enduring affection for Norway and wish to transmit it to your children, you can accomplish it in no better way than by having them march in procession as do today the boys in Christiania.

On this day it is customary to speak of the great events af 1814, and most properly so; for the celebration of May 17th is a commemoration of those deeds, and they should receive the most liberal share of our attention. But it seems to me that the days in which we live also furnish us with reason for joy, pride and celebration. It is a matter of wonder to the whole world what our small country with its insignificant population is contributing to Arts, to Letters, to Science, to Invention and Exploration; what our country is doing in all these separate fields of distinguished activity.

When I speak of Letters—Literature, before I mention their names, you all know I mean those intellectual giants Ibsen and Bjørnson, who have so largely molded modern thought, besides a host of younger writers, whose talents are becoming known outside of their own country.

Our national music, so distinct and original in its character, is wellknown and popular everywhere, with the names of Grieg, Kjerulf and Svendsen fast becoming classics.

The pictures of our great artists are eagerly sought after, and Thaulow was recently selected with one other European artist to come to America and act as judge in awarding the prizes at a large exhibition of modern art.

When I mention Science and Exploration, I of course have in mind first af all Nansen, his worthy successor on the "Fram" Sverdrup, Borchgrewink of South Polar Sea fame, Astrup, whose promising and brilliant career came to so untimely an end, and last, but by no means least, Amundsen, who at this very time is starting out on an ex-

pedition of exceptional interest to the entire world. Of the latter I speak with peculiar personal interest, because he was my classmate at school and is justifying the brilliant promise of his boyhood. It is not with any vain-glorious craving to set a new arctic record—the spur to so many polar expeditions—that **he** is starting out, but impelled solely by an ardor for science: to locate accurately the magnetic pole north of the American Continent, that the laws which govern magnetic forces should be better understood not alone for the benefit of science but for navigation all the world over.

And before leaving the subject of Norway's contribution to science and invention we may remember that the United States Army and most of the militia of America are now equipped with Norwegian firearms, the unsurpassed Krag-Jørgensen Gun; that Birkeland, beside having expounded new and wonderful theories regarding the northern lights, has invented a cannon which may revolutionize modern warfare.

Perhaps you do not know with what brightness the great lights of our University shine, and how far they send their rays? As philologists the brothers Storm are known at all seats of learning, and when the wise professors of Cambridge and Oxford are confronted with some particularly difficult problem in Anglo-Saxon derivation, they write for elucidation to Professor Johan Storm of Christiania. While great honors were done last year to the memory of the immortal Abel, a mathematician fifty years ahead of his time, the lectures of a recent mathematician at Christiania University were attended by Ameri-

can students from Boston and San Francisco, by students from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America, who went to distant Norway to obtain the best possible instruction in mathematics that the world could afford.

And our king holds a unique position among the monarchs of the world. His varied talents as artist, musician, poet and orator are widely known and admired, and foreign nations frequently seek his services as arbitrator in their differences, recognizing in him not alone the man of exceptional attainments, but one with the finest sense of justice.

The prominence of these names and the importance of the achievements I have noted furnish, I think, good reason for congratulation and celebration today.

There is at the present time in Norway a movement which every day is gaining ground—that of bringing the three Scandinavian countries closer together. It is the idea of Scandinavian unification, or, as it is termed, "Pan-Skandinavisme". It is really no new idea, for at different times during the past century it has been urged by one or another of the three countries, without, however, establishing a very firm foothold. The halfhearted and faltering support given to Denmark by the other two countries, when she was attacked by her formidable neighbor Germany, is the most conspicuous example of its failure. But the movement now under way promises better results, for it is gaining great popular support in all three Scandinavian countries and certainly not least in Norway.

In an ovation recently given by the Norwegian students at their Students' Society to Prof. Sophus Bugge on

the occation of his 70th birthday, this celebrated Historian in a remarkable speech of acknowledgment emphasized to the students in weighty an eloquent words the advisability, nay the necessity, of the unification of Scandinavian interests and of mutual support and sympathy between the three countries. He demonstrated why the Scandinavian countries, at one time in the days of the virile vikings so respected and feared all the world over, had steadily sunk in political importance, until they at the present time occupy such insignificant positions as world-powers; and he contrasted with their history the opposite course of events in Germany, attributing the latter to the grand thought of unification which had obliterated all dividing lines and conflicting interests existing between the different German states.

Bjørnson has always been in favor of the movement, the statement of his detractors to the contrary notwithstanding; and no longer ago than last week there appeared in our Chicago papers a telegram from Norway reporting the vigorous denunciation that Bjørnson in an open letter had directed against those extreme radicals who by unfriendly and unreasonable measures are seeking to lay obstacles in the way of Scandinavian unification. Bjørnson's opposition to Sweden on many occasions, when the equal rights of Norway within the union were encroached upon, is not inconsistent with his present attitude in the matter of Scandinavian unification. With him it has always been a case of "Not that I love Sweden less, but that I love Norway more".

The movement of which I speak does not involve, at

any rate at the present time, any idea of closer political union, but merely increased respect, sympathy and affection for one another, as well as a tacit alliance against any aggression from outside that may threaten any one of the three Scandinavian countries. Just now it is realized that there is a particularly grave danger, of which poor Finland may serve as the best warning. The mighty neighbor in the east, who looks with jealous eyes upon our ports that are free from ice and open to navigation all winter long, will miss no chance to advance westward at our expense. Scandinavians are more and more realizing that the countries when divided will fall an easy prey to this encroaching neighbor, but when their forces are combined they form a unit that commands consideration and respect. There are unmistakable signs that Russia is seeking to sow seeds of dissension and discord in Scandinavia and has spies that report to St. Petersburg any circumstance that looks favorable to her aggressive intentions. In the face of such grave danger the Scandinavian countries cannot afford to have differences: to fail to establish a bond and alliance for mutual protection is nothing short of suicidal.

As I have already said, the movement is gaining great popular support, and the papers give accounts of a large association formed of men and women in Norway and Sweden called "Brødrefolkenes Vel". And now, Fellow-Countrymen, we can render valuable assistance to this movement even in this distant land. Our attitude and conduct here towards the other Scandinavian nations cannot but have an effect upon events at home in proving

our sympathy, approval and co-operation, and so I urge that we miss no opportunity to entertain and promote friendly relations with Swedes and Danes in this country.

But I have wandered considerably from the real significance of this day, on which, as I said before, our hearts go out to our old home, Norway. May they go out in the way our great poet has so often urged: As a son to his mother!

Remarks (introducing Frank O. Lowden and John M. Harlan) by F. H. Gade, at the Republican Mass Meeting in Lake Forest, Ill., October 17th 1904.

Lake Forest is awake—very much awake, and I am certain it will not be permitted to go to sleep again until after election. The two Republican Clubs here will make such things as apathy, indifference and carelessness absolutely impossible. Nobody is to be left uninformed regarding the issues of the campaign, and I believe no one will escape or in fact will want to avoid going to the polls on election day. Lake Forest has, of late, acquired a pretty good reputation for turning out or **being turned out** for elections; and the Republican Clubs will see to it that this record does not suffer at this most important election of all.

The two organizations to which I refer are the old Shields Township Republican Club, recently revived into activity, and the College Republican Club, organized the other day amid great enthusiasm and under whose auspices this meeting is held to-night. The clubs are allied and leagued together; the "town and gown" have settled all differences; and the only complaint heard is that the material upon which to work is scarce—that the Democrats are too few and far between.

In considering the proper field of activity for these clubs, it seems to me there is one class particularly, against which the efforts of our Republican Clubs may be directed most profitably: the persons who are perched upon the fence. These roosters should be impelled,

gently, if possible, and if not, then with the requisite force, to drop down from that fence, and on the right side of it; and I believe there are not so few of those fowl who should be shooed into the Republican flock. There are, of course, others—ill-bred fowl on the low ground across the fence that it is idle to go after. As some eminent Englishman once said, "Some persons have from their very childhood been fed with the milk of radicalism or nourished on the strong meat of conservatism till a change of opinion would involve a change in their mental constitution." Ferguson, a Scotch member of the British Parliament, in Pitt's time, admitted about himself: "I have heard many arguments which convinced my judgment, but never one that influenced my vote." Now, this is exactly the way with some Democrats, dyed deep in the wool—"once a Democrat, always a Democrat", and they had better be left alone.

At its first meeting, the College Republican Club was fortunate in being addressed on the political situation in a most lucid and entertaining manner by two of our highly esteemed professors. It will, however, be of particular interest to have the issues presented to us by one who is in the very vortex and maelstrom of the present historical events; one who is now in the thick of the battle; one of the great leaders and chiefs of the Republican party; a man whom Lake Forest and Lake County hope to see occupy the highest positions in the gift of the American people. It is a great privilege for us all and an honor to Lake Forest to have speak here tonight: Colonel Frank O. Lowden.

Our other guest of honor here to-night is a man that needs no introduction in Lake Forest. With so large a part of his family here, we feel as if he half belonged to us. And then, whenever we have a good battle to fight, he stands ready to come to our aid in that wholesouled manner so characteristic of him. We remember him on this platform just two years ago, pleading for the preservation of our beautiful Skokie valley. Our mighty neighbor, Chicago, needs for her welfare, improvement and sound development, a new charter and appeals to her sister cities throughout the State to help her realize this ambition at the coming election. We certainly want to understand the matter of this new charter, for we are so closely tied to and dependent upon this great neighbor that her welfare means our welfare.

There is no one more identified with all that is admirable and best in Chicago, no one more competent and better qualified to instruct us regarding her needs than our good friend, whom we are delighted to have with us to-night, John M. Harlan.

Speech on "America" delivered at banquet for the Norwegian Student Singers at the Sherman House, Chicago, May 22nd 1905.

While I naturally would esteem it a great honor under any circumstances to speak on this occasion, to address these guests of ours, I feel it to be an especial privilege to do so when this body of men is headed by Grøndahl. The great master of song, under whose baton also I piped with boyish treble for many years, until he suddenly one day announced: "Gade, your voice is cracking, and you'll have to stop; instead of song you lucky dog may now have the hour free!" I did not consider myself lucky; for somehow the manner of teaching or the personality of the master, or perhaps both combined, had made that school hour a treat and not a drudgery. In these distant after-years I can trace to those hours of song under Grøndahl the germ of the musical feeling and understanding that have brought such infinite pleasure in later life.

As the toastmaster has imposed no restrictions in connection with the subject "America" alloted to me, I feel at liberty to follow freely the bent of my inclination and say a word of fraternal advice to the Norwegian student from his brother, the American college graduate. We who missed the greatest distinction in the world, that of becoming civis academicus in Christiania, and have had to content ourselves with the next best thing, that of a

sheepskin from an American University, are none the less your full fledged academical brethren.

"Ja Brødre, herligt er vort Kald,
At vogte Aandens høie Alter, etc."

and as such brother I feel I have the right to talk with you in a very direct, nay, outspoken and intimate way.

Now in coming to this country, as most of you do for the first time, you are naturally somewhat confused and puzzled as to what to believe about it, the accounts given you being so conflicting and contradictory. In the well-known poem of "Flugten til Amerika" occur the impressive lines: "Guldet ligger for ens Fod; man bukker sig kun for at ta' det". You there had presented to you a certain version, which now may cause you disappointment, and I am forced to admit that the description in that poem was the slightest bit optimistic. On the other hand, the Norwegian papers, and particularly the conservative ones (which, as we all know, never fail in perfect charity, humanity and fairness) have assiduously supplied you with exactly the opposite kind of description, abounding in tales of most dreadful robbery and murder; — tales labeled "Amerikansk," which, if not actually scaring you away from the country altogether, at least would cause you, as prudent men, to hesitate long and then to take out all possible life insurance before coming, and to arm yourselves abundantly with revolvers and tomahawks to be on equal footing with the ferocious natives. By this time, gentlemen (you still look pretty sound and able-bodied!) you may have discovered that all of these pre-

cautions were not absolutely necessary. — — — — — But still, do you know what to believe of America?

In your rapid flight over this country, you birds of passage (you are barely giving us a chance to listen to your melodious note) will notice that the air through which you pass is often smoky and foul, that your foot cannot easily find a clean place to alight on, at least not on our city streets, that the boys threaten with slings and stones,—for such is the method of our strikes! If you pause long enough, you may also observe many evidences of corruption, political and otherwise—much that is not as it should be. Brothers, is this all? Is this America? Verily, verily no, it is not; it is only the surface, the mere outside of things. If you cannot see beyond it, if you cannot reach beneath it, your journey, as far as learning to know America goes, will have been in vain.

For you should know, and if you realy seek, you will find, that under the negligence and carelessness and apparent corruption there is great national earnestness, energy and principle, which once aroused, are capable of accomplishing any task, however great and difficult.

That under the vanities and weaknesses of the nation, there is an abundant and never-failing store of good national common sense, which in the end always asserts itself in the determination of any really vital issue.

That under the capriciousness and fickleness that often mark the public's treatment of so-called national heroes, lauded to the skies one day, only to be ridiculed the next, there is a constant and enduring belief in and reverence for truly heroic deeds and lofty ideals.

That under the pernicious system that centers vast fortunes in a few individual hands—the trusts with all their attendant evils making for plutocracy,—there is a universal grand democratic feeling that demands equal opportunities to all and fair play for all—what may be called "The American Spirit".

It is the American spirit that more than anything else lays hold of the newcomer and converts him into a good loyal citizen of this, his adopted country. May you, while here, feel some touch of this American spirit and carry away with you some appreciation of it; for then you will have partaken of the greatest blessing this country has to bestow!

Letter to the President of the United States accompanying petition for recognition of Norway's new government

Lake Forest, June 28, 1905.

To the President of the United States,
Oyster Bay, Long Island,
New York.

Honored Sir:—

I beg herewith respectfully to hand you the petition of nearly twenty thousand Norwegians residing in and near Chicago, asking that you will, at the earliest opportunity, signify your recognition of the new Government of Norway.

This government is a de facto government in full, complete and peaceable control and possession of the governmental machinery and functions of the country, was established by the unanimous action of the representatives of the people, and is supported by the entire people of Norway.

Nearly one-third of the entire Norwegian population of the world resides in the United States under your care and protection, and these citizens of the United States, following the events in their old home with the deepest interest and concern, earnestly hope that their Country of adoption will be the first to accord friendly recognition to their Country of birth.

Most respectfully,

F. Herman Gade,
Chairman of Committee having
petition in charge.

Remarks by F. H. Gade, Mayor, at the last council meeting of his administration, May 7th 1906.

In turning over the city administration to our successors there are a number of important matters concerning the city which seem to deserve some mention:

The traction issue, I sincerely hope, may be soon disposed of. Last spring the council was unwilling to grant the perpetual franchise asked for by the electric road, and, in place of it, passed an ordinance granting a franchise for seventy-five years, which Mr. Frost declined to accept. Since then I have personally made repeated efforts to secure a different solution of the problem. Throughout the entire consideration of the matter I have been in favor of granting the electric road the right to a double track through Lake Forest; for I believe that the company cannot give good service—that, in fact, no electric road can do so—without a double track system. I further believe that the public both need and want improved service, and that the interests of Lake Forest would be advanced by an additional track, which should be granted upon the city's receiving proper compensation therefore; that is to say, upon fair and reasonable terms. I have been disposed to favor, as the right and logical solution of the problem, the granting of an additional track for the remainder of the present franchise period, that is to say, to make the additional grant co-extensive with the company's other grants and rights in Lake Forest. While this arrangement would not secure to the city all the com-

pensation and advantages offered as consideration for the the perpetual franchise, it would entirely avoid the troublesome question of additional time, beside other complications of the relations of the electric railroad company to the city.

During the last couple of years no effort has been spared to reach an amicable settlement of the issues between the city and the water company. The council has passed ordinances, which in its opinion, and I am sure also of the public at large, were considered not only reasonable, but most liberal to the company, involving higher compensation for water than paid by any other municipality along the North Shore. The water company, however, constantly changing its attitude in the matter of these rates, finally brought the city into court, where the vexed question soon should be settled once for all. In the meantime private consumers are properly protected by the injunction granted by the court restraining the company from shutting off the water supply.

The liquor nuisance should be rigorously and unremittingly prosecuted; for the slightest remissness causes this serious evil to assume alarming proportions. During the past year many more suits have been brought than ever before, and during the summer of 1905 the city went to considerable expense in employing detectives to collect evidence against the offenders. It has, however, proved difficult to accomplish any satisfactory and lasting result without the co-operation of the community, and I hope the citizens of Lake Forest will soon awaken to this fact. In many cases, when our policemen have, as they thought,

secured conclusive evidence against the violators of our liquor laws, the witnesses when put on the stand have absolutely repudiated their earlier statements, and by pretending to know nothing concerning the offense in question , caused the prosecution to fail. Again, supposedly sensible juries, composed of tradesmen and other responsible citizens, have imposed upon offenders conclusively proven guilty the ridiculous fine of five or ten dollars, which naturally was not calculated to deter them from further violations. It is surprising that professors of the University, when requested to do jury duty in these cases, have shown such extraordinary want of public spirit and interest in the community as to invoke their immunity from jury service. The city attorney can say a great deal about the obstacles he has met with in his faithful endeavors to suppress the liquor evil.

While I believe the city cannot afford to dispense with the valuable services of Mr. Smoot, who has been its counsel so long and drafted the majority of its ordinances, I think the city needs the services of an attorney who can be summoned at short notice and attend to running matters as they come up. Prosecutions for violations of the liquor laws, automobile speed laws and other like matters need immediate and constant attention such as only a resident attorney can give. The retention of Mr. Smoot as counsel for the city need not interfere with the establishment of a city attorneyship to look after the running matters from day to day.

Lake Forest has of late made great strides in adopting street and other improvements, and I think it deserves

the name that Mayor Gorton used to apply to it: "The Banner City of the West." What is particularly noteworthy is that these improvements have recently, in nearly every instance, been undertaken not by compulsive measures of the Local Improvement Board, but upon request of the property owners themselves who would have to pay the cost. So far from being unwilling to incur these burdens, which in many cases have fallen heavy upon people of small means, there has been apparent, in the different parts of the city, positively a spirit of rivalry to outdo each other in making these improvements. It is to be hoped that this splendid spirit of civic pride and ambition will in no wise abate.

Tale ombord paa Dampskibet "Hellig Olav" den 3die August 1906 i Anledning Kong Haakons Fødselsdag.

Mine Damer og Herrer.

Dette er en Festdag i Norge: det er Kong Haakons Fødselsdag. Næstefter syttende Mai er det jo Kongens Fødselsdag som feires; og vi husker nok allesammen fra Barneaarene, at paa den Dag havde vi fri fra Skolen. Kanonerne paa gamle Akershus Fæstning, under hvilke vi gik ombord paa dette Skib for akkurat en Uge siden, har idag ved Middagstid skudt Salut til Ære for Dagen. Flag vaier overalt i Landet lige fra Lindesnæs til Nordkap. Jeg er vis paa, at alle vi Normænd her ombord, paa Vei til vort nye Land, gjerne vil mindes Dagen og sende en kjærlig Tanke tilbage over Havet til det gamle Fædreland — til Norge og dets Konge.

Vi har i Sandhed en Konge, vi kan være stolt af. Det er sjelden, at en Mand forener i sig saadanne Egenskaber, som han.

Af Udseende vakker som faa Mænd: klassiske Ansigtstræk med et Udtryk af stor Venlighed og Godhed, som det passer sig en Konge af Norge — saaledes som vi kan tænke os de fordums Haakoner. Isandhed en kongelig Skikkelse! De, som saa ham ved Kroningsceremonien, glemmer aldrig Synet. Hele hans Mine og Holdning udtrykte dybt Alvor og Ansvarsfølelse — man saa der en Mand, som vilde vie sit Liv til sin store Gjerning.

Vor Konge er besindig, forstandig, klog; det har han

umiskjendelig lagt for Dagen ved enhver Anledning. Baade hans Ord og hans Handlinger beviser det. Naar han modtager en Deputation, som uventet overrækker ham en Adresse, svarer han strax paa en Maade, som vidner om sjelden Indsigt og Forstaaelse. Da de norsk-amerikanske Deputerede havde Foretræde for ham i Trondhjem, sagde han, at den Sympathi, som blev vist ham af de udflyttede Normænd, var ham en stor Hjælp og Opmuntring i hans vigtige Gjerning. Det bør vi lægge os paa Hjerte, Landsmænd, og ikke glemme, naar vi er kommen tilbage i det travle Amerika-Liv.

Kong Haakon har vel ikke en større Beundrer end Bjørnson — den store Republikaner! Denne sagde nylig ved en Leilighed, at han havde fulgt nøiagtig med, ligefra Kongen kom til Norge, og forsigtig lagt Mærke til alle hans Udtalelser og Handlinger, som uden Undtagelse viste ualmindelig Forstand og Besindighed. Han tilføiede, at hvis Norge engang skulde have en Konge, saa kunde det ikke have gjort et bedre Valg i hele Verden.

Men fremfor alt har Kong Haakon forstaaet at vinde alle Nordmænds Hjerter; og Grunden hertil kan vel ikke være tvilsom. Han er jevn og ligefrem. Han har et godt Hjerte. Han er vennesæl, som det sig hør og bør en Konge i Norge — den Egenskab som vi finder hos de store norske Høvdinger fra gammel Tid. Han er hensynsfuld; han har Omtanke og Omsorg for de smaa og trængende i Landet . Alt varsler om, at han vil blive en sand Landsfader.

Nu idag, naar han har fuldendt den Reise han har gjort gjennem Landet for at lære sit Folk at kjende og forat forstaa dets Behov og Tarv, og feirer sin første

Fødselsdag i det nye Hjem, hvor han allerede er saa afholdt, lad saa os forene vore Tanker og Hjerter med dem derhjemme i Norge i Loyalitet og Hengivenhed. Held og Lykke for Kong Haakon, hvem Gud beskytte og bevare! Lad os tolke dette Ønske i et nidobbelt Hurra for Kongen.

Tale for Kapt. Roald Amundsen ved Nationalforbundets Banket i Pierson's Hall, Chicago, den 4de Nov. 1906.

Mine Herrer! — Vi er mødt her iaften for at hædre Kaptein Roald Amundsen. Først og fremst hilser og lykønsker vi ham og takker ham som Normænd, fordi han har bragt ny Glans og nyt Ry til gamle Norge. Hans Bedrift har igjen vendt hele Verdens Opmærksomhed paa vort lille Land langt deroppe i Nord med en Befolkning saa stor som Chicagos,—det lille Land, som gjør sig gjældende paa alle Omraader—i Literatur, Kunst, Musik, Videnskab og Opdagelser. Gjennem Gjøa-Færden har Norge nu igjen bidraget noget af Betydning for hele Verden. En epokegjørende Begivenhed er skeet i Videnskab og Historie. Roald Amundsen har givet Verden et nyt Bevis paa, at om en Stordaad skal udføres, maa der en Normand til for at gjøre det.

Amundsens Foretagende har to Sider: Nordvestpassagen er fundet, og der er gjort store videnskabelige Opdagelser. Det kan være af Interesse at vide, hvilken af disse to, han selv anser som den vigtigste.

Nordvestpassagens Gjennemseiling er vistnok det mest iøinefaldende, det som Folk strax hefter sig ved. Det er jo den Bedrift, som de fleste Polarforskere har forsøgt at udføre i fire Hundrede Aar, og mangfoldige Penge og mange Menneskeliv har disse Forsøg kostet. Æren for Nordvestpassagen tilhører endelig en Normand, og til Nordvestpassagen vil altid være knyttet Navnet Amundsen og Norge.

Den anden Side er det videnskabelige Udbytte. Herom kan Kaptein Amundsen ikke nærmere udtale sig, førend han har aflagt sin Rapport for Det Geografiske Selskab i Kristainia. Men sikkert og vist er det, at naar hans Observationer er studeret og bekjendtgjort, vil der ikke længer herske nogensomhelst Tvil om den magnetiske Nordpols Beliggenhed, og hvorvidt den er stillestaaende eller ikke, Spørsmaal af stor Vigtighed for Videnskab og Sjøfart. Det er jo passende, at Normænd, Jordens første Sjøfolk, skulde skaffe Løsning paa disse Gaader.

For Amundsen var den videnskabelige Efterforskning det virkelige Formaal og Nordvestpassagen kun en Bisag. Dette kan jeg selv bevidne, som var saa heldig at høre Kaptein Amundsens Udtalelser før han begav sig afsted fra Norge. Da han havde forklaret Expeditionens videnskabelige Formaal og nøiagtig udviklet sine omhyggelige Planer i Forbindelse hermed, lagde han til noksaa lunt og ligegyldig: "Ja, hvis det saa skulde træffe sig, at vi kommer tilbage fra den magnetiske Pol ad Nordvestpassagen, saa vilde jo det være bra og fornøieligt."

Dette Amundsens Syn paa Sagen forekommer mig at være noget af det mest nævneværdige og beundringsværdige ved hele det store Foretagende. Det viser, at det var besjælet af Trangen til at udrette noget af sandt videnskabelig Værd og af Nytte og Gavn for hele Verden, ikke af Ærgjerrighed efter at slaa en Rekord. Netop i disse Dage ser vi andre, som forsøger at vinde Ry og Berømmelse ved det alene at trænge længst nord og derved sætte en ny Rekord. Vor Landsmand har havt et høiere, større, værdigere Formaal.

Man omtaler ofte Kaptein Amundsen som en almindelig Sjøkaptein. Men man ved ikke, at han i lang Tid studerede sine Opgaver i Tyskland. Man ved ikke, at han nu vil tale i Berlin paa Tysk, i London paa Engelsk og i Paris paa Fransk, og at han saa endog vil holde et illustreret Foredrag for Eskimoerne paa King Williams Land i deres eget Sprog. Kaptein Amundsen har, siden han ankom til Chicago, faaet saa mange Beviser fra sine Landsmænd paa den Glæde og Stolthed, vi føler ved at have ham her iblandt os, at det er overflødigt for mig at sige noget videre derom. At han har sat Pris paa det Velkommen, han har faaet, vil tydelig fremgaa, naar jeg fortæller, at for at være her tilstede ikveld blandt sine Landsmænd har han maattet omlægge sin Reiseplan og sløife sit Besøg til Washington og Amerikas Præsident.

Mine Herrer, jeg har den store Ære at udbringe en Skaal for Kaptein Roald Amundsen.

Skaaltale: .''Damerne'' ved den norske Kvartetklubs Banket i Chicago den 19de Januar 1907.

Mine Damer og Herrer:

Naar man mindes den sjeldne lyriske Stemning, som besjælede vor nu saa meget savnede Tom Kolderups Ord for Damerne, kunde man let blive modløs og lade sig afskrække fra Forsøget; men saa er man paa samme Tid uvillig til at frasige sig et saa ærefuldt Hverv. Og jeg føler dybt, at dette Opdrag virkelig er Aftenens største Ære.

Hvert Land paa Jorden tror sig at besidde den ideale Kvinde, og Digterne synger hendes Pris i glødende Lovord. Goethe, Schiller og Heine skildrer den høieste Germanske Kvindelighed. Dante fremstiller hos sit Hjertes Dronning den sydlandske Fuldkommenhed. Tennyson har skabt efter Englænderens Sind og Hjerte visse yndige Kvindeskikkelser, som er udødelige. Longfellow har skjænket Amerika den høit skattede Evangeline.

Hvad er der nu at sige om den norske Kvinde — staar hun tilbage for nogen af disse andre? Nei, visselig ikke; og vi ved, at hverken Wergeland eller Bjørnson har forstaaet at gjøre hendes Yndighed, Deilighed, Fuldkommenhed Fyldest. Den norske Kvinde er i mange Henseender enestaaende: Hvor i Verden finder man saadan Aandrighed som hos hende? Hvor i Verden har Kvinden saadan Indflydelse paa Landets og Folkets Skjæbne som i Norge? Hun er nu, i lige Antal og med samme Begeist-

ring som Manden med i det storartede Foretagende at stifte Nordmandsforbundet — at knytte et Sambaand mellem alt norsk over hele Jorden. Hvor finder man Sidestykke til den Fædrelandskjærlighed og Opofrelse, som den norske Kvinde lagde for Dagen i de sidste spændte, farlige Tider i Norge?

Hvor finder man endelig en herligere Skikkelse end den kjække og uforfærdede norske Kvinde, som staar udover Fjeldet paa Ski — i Sandhed, den nordiske Valkyrie!

Denne herlige Kvinde er med os i Aften. Hun gjør os stolt og lykklig ved at være vor Dame ved Bordet og i Dansen.

Mine Herrer, jeg har den Ære at udbringe Damernes Skaal!

Tale for Minister Christian Hauge ved Nationalforbundets Banket for ham i Chicago den 16de Mai 1907.

Mine Herrer:—

Vi er samlet her iaften for at hædre og ønske Velkommen til Chicago Minister Christian Hauge. Helt fra Washington er han kommen hid for at være sammen med os, sine Landsmænd, paa Norges Festdag, for at feire med os den 17de Mai.

Dette er en Begivenhed; thi det er første Gang, at en norsk Minister gjør noget saadant. Og saa er det jo ogsaa Norges første Repræsentant i Amerika — i denne Verdensdel; den første i Rang og den første, som virkelig hører alene Norge til.

Minister Hauges Komme hid har ikke liden Betydning. Det viser først, at der nu er en norsk Minister, som ønsker at kjende sine Landsmænd og staa i fortroligt Forhold til Nordmændene i Amerika. Det viser ogsaa, at Norge paa sin Festdag ikke glemmer os, sine udvandrede Sønner; men igjennem sin Repræsentant sender os en hjertelig Hilsen og forsikrer os om, at paa 17de Mai gaar Hjerterne derhjemme ud og forener sig med os — Udflytterfolket.

Fra hvad han vil se her i disse Dage, kan Minister Hauge bringe Besked tilbage: at skjønt vi er gode amerikanske Borgere, saa glemmer vi dog ikke det gamle Fædreland, men bevarer det altid i kjærlig Erindring. Han kan endog fortælle, at vi feirer 17de Mai endnu bedre, end

de gjør det hjemme: at vi begynder Festlighederne Dagen forud.

Der var Tilfredshed overalt blandt Nordmændene her i Landet, da det blev bekjendt, hvem den norske Regjering havde udseet til sin Repræsentant i Washington. Og denne Mening er blevet end mere almindelig, eftersom man har lært ham bedre at kjende. I New York taler man endnu med Begeistring om hans Besøg der ifjor.

Vi ved, at Norges Interesser nu varetages paa allerbedste Maade — at Norge i Washington vil opnaa alt, hvad dets Ret og Værdighed kræver. Vi glæder os over, at Norge her i Landet har en Mand, som vil repræsentere i Ordets fulde Betydning.

Vi har heller ikke noget imod, at denne Norges Repræsentant er en ægte norsk Skikkelse — høi, velbygget, kraftig, ligesom han ogsaa er jevn, ligefrem, vennesæl. Det er os kjært, at Norges Repræsentant er værdig saavelsom elskværdig.

Mine Herrer, jeg har den Ære at foreslaa Minister Hauges Skaal!

Speech for America at "Syvende Juni" celebration at Wicker Park Hall, Chicago, June 7th 1907.

Ladies and Gentlemen; Fellow countrymen of Norway and America:—

This being Norway's great day, the thoughts of good Norwegians will naturally dwell upon the great event that made it such, and their hearts will lovingly go out to the distant country of their birth across the sea. America should therefore not intrude unduly or lay too much claim to attention; and I shall be very brief. The custom has, however, become established among us Norwegians here in America, on our Norwegian national holidays, never to forget our new country; and it is an excellent custom. To observe it is in fact only the part of good, loyal American citizenship. After glorifying the achievements of our ancestors on the 17th of May and of the new-born Norway on June 7th it is only right and fitting that our thoughts should return to our present country and home, to the country that is giving us all that is dear to us in life, where our children are born, and where we hope and pray they will live happily after we have passed on.

Norway owes a great debt of gratitude to the United States. We are certainly all aware that there also is a debt the other way—that America owes much to Norway. Norway has supplied and is still supplying what America readily admits is one of her best elements of population, an element that stands for industry, law and order. Great

parts of this country have been developed and built up by Norwegian sinew and muscle. The Norwegian nationality is supplying the brains to govern separate states of the Union as well as to shape the policies of the whole country in its highest councils in Washington. So we must recognize — and we do it with pride and satisfaction—that the debt from America to Norway is large. But I repeat: Norway has very much for which to thank America.

First, the purely material side of the question: hundreds of thousands of dollars are every year sent from America to Norway and bring comfort and happiness to many needy ones over there. This money is earned and saved in America, it is the resources and opportunities of America that make such earning and saving possible.

But Norway has received something better and greater than this from America. It has received from America encouragement and inspiration for the ideas that have entered into the growth and development of the Norwegian nation, that have made Norway what it is today. We all know that the Norwegian constitution was largely modeled upon the American, in providing for the most liberal and democratic institutions, that vested all real power and authority in the people itself. The old kingdom of Norway inherited from the young republic of the United States that which for nearly one hundred years has enriched and proved a blessing to the Norwegian people, who in consequence must ever feel a debt of gratitude as well as relation of kinship to the United States.

But it did not stop with that. During all this time and

in ever-increasing degree Norwegian national sentiment has been influenced by the liberal ideas of America. The internal political development in Norway discloses an uninterrupted growth of democracy and popular government. There is no better proof of this influence from America than the former attitude, now happily changed, of the Norwegian Conservative Press, which used to lay at the door of America every evil influence likely to bring about a change, and which never missed a chance to say something mean or slurring about America. The influence came in a number of different ways, and chiefly by the accounts of Norwegians returned from America and by an endless stream of letters from the new world. I believe the American influence was an important factor in the successive steps in the development of Norway's liberty, which finally culminated and found the fullest expression in the events of June 7th, 1905.

We can not blind ourselves to the fact that there are great evils and abuses in America, that there is much which should be corrected and reformed. We know that there are great dangers that beset this country in the combination of vast capital and in the amassing of huge private fortunes — corporate aggression and individual greed; that the confederation of labor is often misled to violence by unscrupulous agitators, who, so far from being its friend, are labor's worst enemy. We see an abundance of vicious journalism, which, appealing to the passions and prejudices of men, raises class feeling and incites to crime. We see machine politics and boss rule, corruption in high places, murders and lynchings.

But in the face of all this we also know that there is a limit to these evils, where American public opinion steps in and protests; that the American people, good in heart, sound in core, rises in its might and makes the evils cease. The splendid American spirit could not be better personified than, as it is today, in the chief executive of this nation, who vigorously, without fear or favor corrects abuses and punishes wrong-doing, whether it be committed by capital or by labor. This American spirit insures to us all in this country "a square deal." As long as it endures we may all be proud to belong to this nation as the first on earth.

Tale ved Idrætsforeningen "Sleipners" Folkefest i Brands Park, Chicago, den 19de Juni 1907 — Betydningen af 7de Juni.

Dette er første Gang jeg deltager i en af "Sleipners" Fester, og det er mig da en særlig stor Glæde at faa være med her iaften. Jeg vil først faa Lov at lykønske Klubben med hvad den har udrettet. Fra en liden Begyndelse har den i Løbet af 12 Aar vokset sig op til en mægtig Forening med betydelig Virksomhed og et anseligt Medlemsantal. For Idrættens Fremme har Klubben gjort meget, og i forskjellige Slags Sport har den vundet glimrende Seire. Den var den første norske Forening, som gjorde Alvor af Skøitesporten her i Chicago ved at holde aarlige Kapløb paa Nytaarsdag i Humboldt Park. Det var Medlemmer af "Sleipner," om de end optraadte under Navnet "Milwaukee Athletic Club", som deltog i Styrkeprøven (Tug-of-War) ved St. Louis Udstillingen. Og det var "Sleipner," som ved at slaa Brooklyn, nylig vandt Verdens-Mesterskabet i denne Sport

Det er overflødig at omtale Idrættens Vigtighed; thi vi ved allesammen, at uden et sundt Legeme kommer man ikke langt her i Verden. Denne Lærdom har vi hjemmefra Norge, hvor man ofrer saa megen Tid og Opmærksomhed paa Gymnastik for Gutter og Piger fra de tidligste Barneaar. Jeg husker godt det gamle latinske Motto, som stod over Gymnastiksalen paa Skolen i Christiania: "Mens sana in corpore sano"—en sund Sjæl i et sundt Legeme! Ved at udvikle vore Legemer igjennem Idræt og Sport

faar vi en øget Arbeidskraft for ethvert Foretagende, vi blir bedre og nyttigere Borgere, og vi faar et længere og lykkeligere Liv.

Men det er ikke alene paa Idrættens Omraade, at "Sleipner" har indlagt sig Fortjeneste. Den har andre ædle Formaal, nemlig at Medlemmerne ved gjensidig Understøttelse skal staa hverandre bi i Sygdom og Nød. Den har gaaet i Spidsen med at høitideligholde vore nationale Festdage. Da Nationalforbundet i 1902 undlod at holde den vanlige Folkefest paa 17de Mai, var det "Sleipner," som fik istand den vellykkede Fest i Aurora Hall, hvor Statens Guvernør, dengang Yates, holdt Talen. Og ifjor indførtes den nye, rosværdige Skik, at feire Norges anden store Dag — den 7de Juni.

Det er ikke bare i Chicago eller Amerika, at "Sleipner" er kjendt; men i selve fjerne Norge er dens Navn agtet og taknemmelig erindret. Da den store Storm ifjor Vinter havde bragt Forlis og Ulykke til Fiskerne i Lofoten, var det "Sleipner," som sendte en Pengegave hjem til de Nødlidende, som i gamle Norge ikke vil glemmes paa lang Tid.

Den syvende Juni er nu forbi, men denne — Norges anden store Nationaldag — giver Stof til Tænkning Aaret rundt. Paa denne Dag sattes Slutstenen paa Norges Frihedskamp, og Norge blev først et helt frit og selvstændigt Rige. 7de Juni 1905 var ikke andet end en naturlig Følge af 17de Mai 1814; thi det store Maal, som Fædrene havde sat sig paa Eidsvold, men ikke magtet helt at sætte igjennem, blev da endelig opnaaet. Det norske Folk i sit Storthing hævdet Landets Grundlov.

Unionen mellem Norge og Sverige var aldrig hverken naturlig eller hjertelig, og istedenfor at bringe et godt Forhold mellem Landene, havde den akkurat den modsatte Virkning. Norge gik ind i Unionen uvillig, og Sverige var kanske lige skuffet paa Grund af den Ligestillethed, som Unionen medførte, istedenfor et svensk Overherredømme. Nedigjennem Aarene kom saa en hel Række Rivninger, dels med Sverige som Følge af forskjellig Opfatning af Unionen, og dels med Kongen, som ved Mangel paa Forstaaelse af Norge som Regel var at betragte som alene svensk Konge: Adelens Afskaffelse, Statholdersagen, det absolute Veto i Grundlovssager, Flagsagen og endelig Konsulatsagen.

I hele dette Tidsrum gik de to Landes Udvikling i vidt forskjellig Retning; thi medens Sverige haardnakket holdt fast paa sine forældede Institutioner, trængte i Norge demokratiske Ideer igjennem; og den store Afstand, som oprindelig fandtes imellem de to Folk, blev stedse større istedenfor mindre. Man vil derfor let indse, at denne Union bar i sig Spiren til sin egen Undergang.

Konsulatsagen bevirkede da endelig Bruddet. Efter lange Forhandlinger troede man sig at være kommet til en Forstaaelse, da Sverige pludselig forandrede Front ved at stille som Betingelse for Konsulatlovens Gjennemførelse Vilkaar, som vilde paatrykke Norge et umiskjendelig Lydrigestempel. Forhandlingerne blev da afbrudt, og Norge besluttede at gjennemføre Konsulatsagen paa egen Haand, som en Sag, der ifølge Grundlov og Rigsakt vedkom det alene; og Ministeriet Michelsen blev dannet med dette som bestemt Program. Konsulatloven blev

enstemmig vedtaget af Storthinget og enstemmig indstillet af Regjeringen; men Kongen nægtede Sanktion. Ministrene indgav sine Afskedsansøgninger, og Kongen tilstod, at han ikke kunde skaffe Norge en ny Regjering. Dermed var en uholdbar Situation fremkommet: Kongen kan ifølge Grundloven ikke regjere uden et ansvarligt Raad, og Landet stod derfor uden lovlig Regjering. Saa kom Storthingsbeslutningen af 7de Juni. Kongen var afsat og Unionen følgelig opløst.

Naar man tænker paa de Overgreb og det Overmod, som blev vist fra svensk Side under Unionen, bør man vel bemærke, at det ikke skyldtes det hele svenske Folk, men en forholdsvis faatallig Klasse, som vi pleier at kalde "Storsvensker." Og vi bør altid erindre, at under Krisen efter Unionsopløsningen viste det svenske Folk i det store og hele taget ikke noget fiendtligt Sindelag mod Norge, men insisterede tvertimod paa, at Striden skulde afgjøres i Mindelighed. Og fra Sverige, især fra Arbeiderforeningerne, kom der utallige Beviser paa Sympathi, Velvilje og Hengivenhed for Norge.

Hvordan kunde nu et saadant revolutionært Skridt— thi man har benævnt Opløsningen af Unionen en Revolution — hvordan kunde det lykkes i Norge? Norge traadte ud af Unionen under hele den civiliserede Verdens udelte Beundring og Tilslutning. Skyldtes det ikke den enestaaende Statskløgt — Forening af Omtanke og Beslutsomhed — hvormed Sagen førtes igjennem af Folkets Høvdinger, Michelsen, Løvland og Berner? Jo, visselig! Skyldtes det ikke Hærens og Flaadens Beredthed, Fæstningerne og Grænsevagten? Jo, visselig! Men fremfor

alt laa Grunden deri, at det norske Folk for første Gang stod enig, samdrægtig, samlet i Fylking fra Landsende til anden; dette Folk, som ellers er saa tilbøielig til politisk Partistrid, Diskussion og Kamp. Naar et Folk er saaledes forenet og samlet og udviser en saadan Offervillighed og brændende Fædrelandskjærlighed hos store og smaa, Mænd og Kvinder, da er dets Vilje og Kraft uimodstaaelig. Og denne Offervillighed var ikke indskrænket til selve Norge; den fandtes hos Norges Sønner overalt i Verden. Her fra Amerika fandt denne Offervillighed Udslag i utallige Tilbud ikke alene af Penge, men af Liv, hvis det skulde trænges for Norges Frelse. Vær vis paa det, Landsmænd, at om Normændene, enten det er i Norge eller her, vil staa sammen enig og samdrægtig, kan de opnaa, hvad det saa skal være, vil de altid vinde frem til Seier.

Tale ved Sønner af Norges Midsommerfest i Minneapolis den 23de Juni 1907.

Norske Landsmænd i Tvillingbyerne!

Vi er her samlet til Midsommerfest — til St. Hansfest. Nylig har vi feiret vore to store Nationaldage, 17de Mai og 7de Juni, saa at vi nu altsaa holder Fest for tredie Gang.

At vi aldrig glemmer 17de Mai, det siger sig selv. Den Dag har vi jo feiret lige fra de tidligste Barneaar, og for mange af os er vel den stolteste og lykkeligste Erindring fra de Aar dengang da vi først fik være med at marschere i Guttetoget med Flag i Haanden til Ære for Dagen. Her i det fjerne Amerika opvækkes hvert Aar paa 17de Mai vor Fædrelandskjærlighed for gamle Norge, og vi høitideligholder Dagen, som de gjør derhjemme.

Men Dagen har ogsaa en videre Betydning for os som gode amerikanske Borgere. — Vi hører saa ofte det, at man her i Landet ønsker Normænd velkommen som et af de allerbedste Elementer i Amerikas Befolkning, fordi vi er arbeidsomme, stræbsomme, ærlige, fremfor alt, fordi vi er lovlydige. Hvis dette sidste er sandt, og vi virkelig fortjener Ros som lovlydige, maa det skyldes den Omstændighed, at vi kommer fra et Land med gode Love, Love som indgyder Respekt og fortjener at adlydes. De frie og demokratiske Institutioner, som skabtes ved den norske Grundlov, har kanske gjort mere end noget andet til at

forberede og skikke os til Forholdene og Livet her i Landet, til godt amerikansk Borgerskab.

Og saa var det 7de Juni. Denne Norges anden store Nationaldag er neppe af mindre Betydning end 17de Mai; thi paa denne sattes Slutstenen paa Norges Frihedskamp, og Norge blev først et helt frit og selvstændigt Rige. Det store Maal, som Fædrene havde sat sig paa Eidsvold, men ikke magtet helt at sætte igjennem, blev da endelig opnaaet. Det norske Folk i sit Storthing hævdede Landets Grundlov.

Og nu har vi Midsommerdagen — St. Hans. Hvilke Minder vækker ikke denne Dag og denne Nat! Vi vil kanske heller tænke paa Norge, som det er ved St. Hans, end paa nogen anden Tid i hele Aaret. Da staar Norge i sit fagreste Flor — i Festskrud. Det er Midtpunktet af den nordiske Sommer og Højdepunktet af denne Sommers Fagerhed og Ynde. Naturen viser sin ypperste Livskraft, Løvet er friskt, Græsset staar grønt og frodig, og utallige Blomster pryder Eng og Mark. Fra Sneen og Bræerne paa Fjeldet gaar Elve og Bække endnu i brusende Flom og Fossefald ned imod Fjorden. Fuglene synger sin gladeste Sang — Maaltrostens dybe Tone fra nært Hold følges af Gjøkens skye Galen længere borte i Skogen.

Kan I ikke kjende den liflige og kvægende Duft fra Mark og Skog:

"Jeg drev i Skoven en Sommerdag,
Da Solen stod høit i Sky,
Og slentred afsted i Ro og Mag,
Hvor Løvskyggen gav mig Ly.
Mig glædede Træernes lyse Dragt,

Den brogede Blomsterbund.
Jeg sænked mit Sind i dens Sommerpragt
Og følte mig stærk og sund.

Og Insekters Summen og Fuglesang
—Det sang i mig selv derved —
Jeg lytted til, som jeg gik min Gang,
Og kom saa til Bækkens Bred."

Og kan I ikke se, hvorledes Stuerne er pyntet til St. Hans? Friskstrøet Gran og Enebær paa Gulvet og friskskaaret Birk ved Indgangen. Ja Birken, den lysegrønne, sitrende Birk, er kanske Norges allervakreste Prydelse.

"Jeg stod i Birkenes høie Sal,
Mens Midsommerdagen heldet.
Der tindrede Dugg i dyben Dal,
Det skinned som Guld af Fjeldet."

Og saa Sommerlyset, som man ikke kan finde Mage til i Verden!

"Luften er skinnende, blaalig hvid,
det er Midsommersol og Middagstid."

Og den vidunderlige norske Sommernat er endnu mærkværdigere, den Nat i hvilken Lyset ei slukkes, men varierer i tusinde Farver, der forgylder Fjeldene og speiler sig i Fjord og Sjø.

"Da er det i Midsommers Nat
Aftenens og Morgnens Røde
over Norges Fjelde brat
favne sig i himmelsk Møde."

Længer nordpaa kommer aarlig Tusinder af Pilgrimmer for at tilbede Solguden, som da regjerer i Norge.

Denne Hyldest er i sin fulde Orden, da St. Hans i den hedenske Tid var Midsommerblot, hvor man, for at vinde hans Gunst og faa god Høst, dyrket Balder, den lyse Solgud.

Ser I ikke endelig Baalene, som brænder paa alle Høider, disse Blus, hvormed Daler og Bygder hilser hverandre og jubler over den norske Sommers Fuldkommenhed?

St. Hans er Kjærlighedens, Elskovens Tid. I den norske Sommernat er det, at Hjerterne sætter hinanden Stævne og finder hinanden som paa ingen anden Tid.

"Min Pande er saa hed som Blodet vildt.
Mit Hjerte svulmer fuldt af Drømmens Skat.
Hør Løvets Sus! Hvor Luftens Drag er mildt!
O tause, varme, elskovsrige Nat!

Jeg knapt kan aande—Her er Mødets Sted
Bag dette mørke, blomstertunge Krat,
Hvor Hjertet slaar — Jeg hører lette Fjed,
O tause, varme elskovsrige Nat!"

I kjender det gamle Sagn, at ved St. Hans skal Pigen plukke 9 Slags Blomster, deriblandt en Johannesblomst, og naar hun saa lægger den under Hovedpuden, faar hun idrømme se sin Elskede.

Det er ikke alene Menneskene, som glæder sig over Midsommertiden, men overjordiske og underjordiske Væsener vil ogsaa være med. Trold, Huldre og Nisser, som gamle Norge er saa rigt befolket med, ialfald i gamle Sagn og Eventyr, vil øve sit Djævelskab og ture St. Hans, men

kommer da altid skammelig tilkort paa den hellige St. Hansnat, hvori fødtes, ifølge Kirkens Traditioner, Johannes den Døber.

Kong Haakon valgte denne Tid paa Aaret for Kroningen — den høitidelige Handling, som skulde indlede Norges nye Æra. Akkurat et Aar siden idag var jeg tilstede i Trondhjem ved en stor Folkefest som denne, hvor det norske Folk tiljublede den nykronede Konge sin Hyldest og Hengivenhed. Og den evige Dag der nordpaa i Trondhjem var symbolsk og gav ligesom et sikkert Løfte om, at Norge aldrig igjen vilde styrtes i en Afhængigheds og Ydmygelses Nat.

Og nu igjen har man hjemme i Norge valgt denne samme Tid til Gjennemførelse af den store og vakre Tanke, hvorom fædrelandssindede Mænd og Kvinder har samlet sig: at stifte et Normandsforbund, som vil knytte en Broderkjæde mellem Normænd overalt i Verden. Denne Tanke, som nu ved St. Hans blir til Virkelighed hjemme i Norge, skulde ogsaa vinde Gjenklang i norske Hjerter i Amerika.

Lad os paa denne Midsommerdag, i denne Tid, som er saa rig paa store Foretagender og Minder, som er saa fyldt med Poesi og Skjønhed, da selve Naturen har klædt Landet til Fest, lad os da, lad alle gode norske Hjerter enes om at sende en kjærlig Hilsen tilbage over Havet til vort gamle Hjem og Fædreland — det underdeilige Norge!

Tale for (Norge) Michelsen ved Sangforeningen Bjørgvins 25 Aars Jubilæum, Chicago, d. 2den Juli 1907.

Vi har hørt meget om Norge i det sidste. Paa de to store Nationaldage har vi erindret de store historiske Begivenheder i 1905 og 1814. Vor uforlignelige historiske Authoritet, Dr. Doe, førte os endog i sit sidste Foredrag tilbage lige til Stenalderen. Og saa ved St. Hans var der Midtsommerfester, hvor vi priset den norske Sommers Fuldkommenhed — Norge, som vi kanske helst vil tænke paa det, i det fagreste Flor, i Festskrud. Hvor meget man end holder af gamle Norge, er det derfor ikke saa nemt nu at holde en Tale og sige noget nyt eller interessant.

Men jeg tror, at man ærer gamle Mor Norge, naar man erindrer og ærer Navnene paa hendes bedste Sønner, og jeg vil skille mig fra dette Hverv her iaften ved at nævne et saadant Navn, ved at sige et Par Ord om Norges første Borger, som tillige er Bjørgvins ædle Søn: Christian Michelsen.

Der behøves ingen udførlig Biografi af denne Mand; thi vi ved allesammen, hvad han har udrettet. Vi ved, at uden ham som Høvding var aldrig de forskjellige, hinanden skarpt modstillede Partier, blit samlet og forenet til det store Frigjørelsesværk. Vi ved, at uden hans enestaaende Statskløgt vilde det ikke lykkedes at opnaa alle andre Landes Sympathi og Tilslutning. Vi ved endelig, at om ikke Michelsen i Karlstadforhandlingernes mest

spændte Tid havde vist den største Bestemthed og Fasthed og insisteret paa de 24 Timers Frist, i hvilke han vilde faa et Mirakel til at ske, vilde det kommet til blodig Krig med vort Naboland.

Det hele kan vel ikke udtrykkes bedre og vakrere, end Bjørnson gjorde det i sin Hilsen til Michelsen paa hans 50de Fødselsdag:

"Du laa paa Utfærd fra din Ungdom av,
Din Skute seilet over alle Hav;
Din klare Tanke lyste Vei fra Stavnen.
Men da vort Statsskib mistet sit Befal,
Da steg ombord du som Storadmiral
Og styret lige ind i Folkefavnen."

Man siger, at Bergenserne er et eget Folkefærd — et besynderligt Folkefærd for sig selv — uligt Resten af Norge. Det kan være, at der er noget sandt i dette; men saa tror jeg ogsaa vi faar tilstaa, at vi ikke kommer langt uden at have dem med. I norsk Musik, tænk bare paa Navnene Ole Bull, Grieg og Sangens store Lærer og Leder Behrens. Hvad vilde den norske Scenekunst være uden Bergen—den vilde jo saagodtsom ikke eksistere. Og saa i Literaturen: Først og fremst vor udødelige Holberg, som saa Lyset og voksede op ikke i Danmark, men i Bergen; og dernæst det store Digterpar Welhaven og Wergeland; thi da den sidstes Far var Sogning, faar han vel ogsaa regnes for Bergenser. Er ikke Norges Skibsfart og Handel grundlagt og opfostret af de mærkværdige Forretningsfolk, som nedstammer fra de gamle Hanseatere i Bjørgvin?

Og endelig, skal en Stortdaad udføres, maa man ikke i 1814 søge en Christie og i 1905 en Michelsen i Bergen?

Og Michelsen slog ikke Feil, men adlydende Folkeviljen kom han ifra sin mangesidige Virksomhed i Bergen, ligesom Cincinnatus i gamle Dage forlod Plogen for at tjene sit Fædreland. Han viede sine storartede Evner og Kraft, sit hele Liv, om det skulde trænges, til Norges Frelse.

Landsmænd, det lader til, at det norske Folk fra et enigt og samlet hele utrolig hurtig søger Anledning til Strid og Kamp og splitter sig i Partier. I Norge synes det, som om man med en sjelden Lethed glemmer store Bedrifter og Fortjenester. Ærgjerrighed og Letsindighed forener sig i Forsøget paa at styrte en Regjering, som man skal have den største Vanskelighed for at erstatte.

Lad os her i dette fjerne Amerika ikke glemme saa let! Lad os haabe, at det endnu maa undes Norge længe at beholde som Regjeringens Chef, som Folkets Høvding, Bjørgvins ædle Søn Christian Michelsen.

Tale for Kaptein Roald Amundsen ved Banketten for ham i Congress Hotel, Chicago, d. 11te Nov. 1907.

Mine Herrer Normænd i Chicago:—

Et Aar siden var vi ogsaa saaledes samlet for at hædre vor Landsmand Kaptein Roald Amundsen. Dengang kom han lige fra sin Stordaads Fuldendelse og passerede gjennem Chicago paa Veien østover — hjemover til gamle Norge, det Fædreland, paa hvis Navn han havde kastet ny Glans, hentet fra de fjerne Polaregnes vidunderlige Nordlys. Og I husker nok ogsaa, at dengang, for at træffe os sine Landsmænd her i Chicago, omlagde han sin Reiseplan og opgav sit Besøg hos Amerikas Præsident. Det har vi saamæn ikke glemt i Løbet af det forgangne Aar! Efter det Kjendskab han fik til os ifjor ansaa han det bedst denne Gang at gaa først til Washington og Præsident Roosevelt.

Nu iaften, naar vi har ham tilbage blandt os, ønsker vi ham et endnu hjerteligere Velkommen, bringer vi ham en endnu inderligere Hyldest.

Siden han var her ifjor, har Kaptein Amundsen baade hjemme og i fremmede Lande paa en glimrende Maade gjort Rede for Expeditionens rige videnskabelige Udbytte — de store Resultater i praktisk saavelsom theoretisk Henseende. Hans stolte og taknemmelige Fædreland skjænkede ham først al mulig Hæder og Ære; og derefter kappedes Keisere, Konger, Fyrster og Videnskabsselskaber om at overøse ham med Æresbevisninger.

Mine Herrer, det er ikke alle disse ydre Tegn paa Anerkjendelse og Hæder, som ligger til Grund for vort Velkommen her iaften. Nei, det er fordi vi nu tilfulde har lært at forstaa hans store Daads hele Betydning og Vigtighed.

Vi har ogsaa havt Anledning til at anstille Polarforskning i ham; og idet vi har lært ham bedre at kjende, har vi gjort følgende Opdagelse:

At han ikke alene har gjort fuldstændig Rede for den magnetiske Pol, men at han selv udøver magnetisk Tiltrækningskraft af sjelden Art. Vi opdager, at vi uimodstaaelig trækkes magnetisk til hans jævne, ligefremme, elskværdige Personlighed.

Nordvestpassagens Fuldendelse har paany givet Verden en Lærdom om Norge og Nordmænd. Efter at Englændere i store, veludstyrede Skibe og med al den Hjælp som en mægtig og rig Nation kunde stille til deres Raadighed, havde gjort Forsøg paa Foretagendet i 400 Aar forgjæves, var det en liden norsk Skude, mandet med Normænd, som maatte til for at vinde frem til Seir.

Vi finder ny Anvendelse for de fra vor tidlige Barndom saa velkjendte Linjer, vi føler deres Betydning med ny Stolthed:

> "Da var det den engelske Stormand stolt
> Bøiet Knæ for den Norske Lods."

Tale ved Festen i Orchestra Hall, Chicago, i Anledning Bjørnsons Fødselsdag, 27de Nov. 1907.

Norske Mænd og Kvinder i Chicago.—

Idag er der Fest i gamle Norge; men der er ogsaa Fest i det udflyttede Norge. Normænd overalt i Verden, spredte som vi er i alle Lande og paa alle Have, samles i èn Tanke: at lykønske og hædre Norges første Søn. Vi føler, at det ikke alene er en Mærkedag i den store Digterkonges lange og bevægede Liv, men at det ogsaa er en Mærkedag overalt, hvor det norske Sprog tales, overalt hvor norske Hjerter slaar for Fædrelandets Storhed og Fremgang.

Af ens Mor og i ens Fædreland faar man i Barneaarene Indtryk og Lærdomme, som man bevarer gjennem hele Livet som noget af det bedste, man eier, og for hvilke man heller aldrig ophører at elske den Mor og det Fædreland. Vi føler, at ligesom det gamle Fædreland med sine dyrebare Erindringer altid forbliver vort, saa er ogsaa Bjørnson altid vor.

Det er nu femti Aar siden Bjørnsons Digtergenius kastede sine første Straaler udover Norge. Gjennem "Synnøve Solbakken", "Arne" og "En glad Gut" lærte han os den norske Bonde at kjende. Han aabnede helt Døren til hans Stue og viste os ham, som han talte, tænkte, følte. Han skabte Synnøve, sit Kvindeideal med de enkle og rene Linjer saa sandfærdig ud af det norske Land og Folks Egenskaber, at hun blev helt national, den fagreste norske Kvindetype. Paa samme Tid ved at løfte den

norske Bondes Liv op i Kunstens Høihed og Skjønhed, løftede han den norske Bonde op til rigere Forstaaelse og Selvbevidsthed; og den norske Bonde var for ham det norske Folk.

Fra Bondefortællingerne gik han over til vor Saga og gamle Historie. Han viste os de gamle Haakoners og Olafers stolte Tid, da Norge var det første og fornemste af de tre nordiske Riger. Ved disse herlige Minder fra vor gamle Uafhængighedstid vilde han vække det norske Folk til Længsel efter nyt nationalt Liv. Han vilde, at det norske Folk skulde skabe sig de gamle Haakoners og Olafers Tid paany.

Men Bjørnson gik ustanselig videre. I en Række glimrende Værker kjæmpede han mod Fordomme og Trangsynthed. Han fordrede Tolerance og absolut Ærlighed og Sandhed i offentlig saavelsom privat Liv; og han forlangte og satte ogsaa igjennem, at Kvinden fik den Stilling i Samfundet, som tilkom hende.

Endelig er han vor store Skald. Gjennem hele sit Liv har han givet os en Uendelighed af Sange, som vi og vore Børn og Slægterne efter os altid vil bevare som vor bedste Skat og Eie. Mange af disse Digte er fulde af Opmuntring og Trøst for det nedtrykte Menneskehjerte, andre er besjælet af en glødende Patriotisme, som har opildnet og altid vil opildne til Daad og Opofrelse for Fædrelandet. Men han har ogsaa forstaaet os, Udflytterfolket, og i Arnes Længsel efter at komme "Over de høie Fjelde" har han tolket vor Udfærdstrang.

Hvem kan nogensinde glemme det, som har hørt og seet Bjørnson holde Tale? Den kraftige, skjønne Kjæm-

peskikkelse, den rungende Stemme, den brusende, uimodstaaelige Veltalenhed! En har sagt om ham: "Bjørnson spiller altid for fuldt Orgel, det klinger som af et Orkester."

Men det, som vi takker og elsker ham mest for, er, at han altid uden Forbehold har givet sig selv. Der har ikke været en Begivenhed af nogen Betydning i Norge, som ikke han har taget Del i. Gjennem hele sit Liv har han været inderlig sammen med sit Folk og i Fremgang og Modgang trofast delt godt og ondt. Hans hele Liv har været viet det norske Folk, og derfor er han som ingen anden vor Tolk, vor Repræsentant, vor Fanebærer, vor store Høvding — Norges første Søn.

Skaldens Høitidsstund kan ikke bedre feires end ved Sang. Lad os da alle, ildnet af Digterens mægtige Stemning, besjælet af Fædrelandskjærlighed, synge hans og vort Lands store Nationalhymne, saa Klangen maa naa lige til Norge og til ham, Skalden, den evigunge Olding, der han sidder og lytter iaften!"

Tale for Den Norske Kvartetklub ved dens 18-Aarsfest i Chicago den 11te Januar 1908.

Mine Damer og Herrer:—

Vi er atter samlet til Aarsfest. Kvartetklubben kan glæde sig over et andet Aar lykkelig fuldendt med godt og rigt Udbytte.

Ved en saadan Anledning kaster man uvilkaarlig Blikket tilbage over det svundne Aar og betragter det som har været af særlig Interesse for Klubben. Vi finder da, at meget er hændt siden vor sidste Aarsfest, baade det som har bragt Glæde og det som har bragt Sorg.

For norske Sangere, ja for alle, som elsker norsk Musik, har der været ikke saa lidet Sorg. Den norske Musikverden, bosat som den jo er i Amerika ligesaavel som i selve Norge, har lidt uerstattelige Tab.

Først var det om Vaaren, at vi mistede en, som var lige fremragende Pianistinde og Komponist. Og vi følte endnu dybere Sorg over Agathe Backer-Grøndahl, fordi vi kjender og holder af ham, som stod ved hendes Side. Han, som vi ser op til som den store forstaaelsesfulde Leder og Tolk for norsk Sang; han, under hvis Taktstok nogle af os sang lige fra de tidlige Barneaar; han, for hvem vi fik ny og forøget Hengivenhed og Taknemmelighed, da han for et Par Aar siden førte den Sangerskare, som gav os saa megen sand Nydelse og Glæde, og som var en Inspiration for Kvartetklubben og alle norske Sangere i Amerika.

Saa, lidt længere hen, blev Nordens største musikalske Lys udslukket, det Lys, som fra vort lille Land har overstraalet hele Verden. Alle andre tilsammen har ikke gjort norsk Musik saaledes kjendt udenfor Norge som Grieg. Han var isandhed den norske Musiks uforlignelige Repræsentant; thi han var norsk i hver Tone. Han var den norske Musiks store bankende Hjerte.

Endelig bør der ogsaa nævnes en, hvis Bortgang nylig fyldte os med Vemod, en som vi holdt af, fordi han ved sine sjeldne personlige Egenskaber var saa meget mere end bare Konge. I Kong Oscar havde nordisk Musik altid en ivrig Dyrker og sand, varm Ven.

Men Kvartetklubben har ogsaa havt meget at glæde sig over. Vi kan med rette være stolte over, at et Medlem af vor Klub er valgt til den fremragende og ærefulde Stilling som Præsident for Nationalforbundet. Og vi, som kjender ham, ved, at Forbundet i Birger Osland har faaet en sjelden dygtig og foretagsom Leder, som sikkerlig vil føre det frem til nyttige og store Gjøremaal.

Som Medlemmer af Kvartetklubben tror jeg, vi har god Grund til at lykønske den og hverandre med dette: at den stedse har sat sig som Maal og tillige opnaaet det som Bjørnson i sin Hilsen til os forleden Dag paamanede: "at holde fast ved de Idealer, som Musiken uvilkaarlig lægger i Eders Sind."

Og derfor, naar jeg udbringer Klubbens Skaal, kan jeg ikke ønske den noget bedre end, at den altid vil vedblive at mindes Bjørnsons Ord og holde fast ved sine skjønne Idealer.

Mine Damer og Herrer: Kvartetklubben leve!

Tale for Det Norske Nationalforbund ved dets Fest i Bjørgvins Hall, Chicago, d. 17de Februar 1908.

Mine Damer og Herrer!

Det Norske Nationalforbunds Formaal er: "At samle de norske Foreninger til Nationalitetens Bedste; efter Evne at støtte norske Foretagender i nationale eller veldædige Øiemed, og saavidt mulig understøtte trængende Normænd."

I Sandhed en stor, betydningsfuld og rosværdig Opgave, og en Opgave, som Forbundet ogsaa løser paa den smukkeste Maade.

Chicago er den næst største norske By i Verden, idet kun Norges Hovedstad har flere norske Indvaanere — Antallet af Normænd i Chicago, naar medregnes de af norsk Herkomst, maa vel anslaaes til omkring et Hundrede Tusen. I disse Dage hører næsten hver Mand til en eller anden Forening, Klub eller Selskab, og Kvinder har fulgt Eksemplet ved at stifte sine egne Foreninger. Naar nu alle disse Foreninger blir Medlemmer af Nationalforbundet, vil saagodtsom hele den store norske Befolkning i Chicago være der repræsenteret — og naar Delegaterne da bringer sine forskjellige Foreningers Anskuelser til det store Raad, vil man faa Chicago-Normændenes samlede Mening. Forbundet vil derved blive Tolk for den norske Nation her, det vil blive dens Storthing. Og did vil vi engang komme; Retningen er der, og Farten er upaaklagelig.

Forbundet er den rette til at forestaa nationale Til-

stelninger. Denne Pligt har det da ogsaa opfyldt paa en meget tilfredsstillende Maade ved at gjennemføre Festligholdelsen af 17de Mai og ved at arrangere andre Fester, naar nationale Begivenheder kræver det.

Forbundet byder velkommen og viser Gjæstfrihed mod berømte Normænd, som besøger Chicago. Da Amundsen, efter netop at have fuldendt den mærkelige Færd, som kastede slig Glans over Norge, kom til vor By, fik han en saa festlig Modtagelse af Forbundet, at han tilsidesatte Amerikas Præsident for at kunne være sammen med sine Landsmænd her. Og det var Forbundet, der skaffede os som Æresgjæst sidste 17de Mai Norges første egne Repræsentant her i Landet, den jævne, vennesæle, prægtige Mand, som vi alle fik saa kjær, han, hvis Bortgang vi nu sørger over, ikke alene som et stort Uheld for vort Fædreland, men som et personligt Tab for alle os Normænd i Amerika. Denne vor Sorg blev da ogsaa vakkert tolket i det Budskab, som Forbundet sendte til hans Enke og til Norge.

Paa den værdigste Maade har Forbundet repræsenteret Chicagos Normænd udad. Den Deputation, som bragte dets Lykønskninger til det nykronede Kongepar i Trondhjem, gjorde et udmærket Indtryk hjemme i Norge.

Forbundet iler strax til Hjælp, naar en Ulykke hænder, enten det er her eller hjemme. Jeg skal bare nævne den betydelige Sum Penge, som blev sendt herfra til de Nødlidende efter Aalesundsbranden. Og nu skal det jo ogsaa være med paa en Tilstelning til Indtægt for det forulykkede norske Børnehjem,

Endelig, hvis en Fare skulde true vort kjære Fædreland, vilde Forbundet stille sig i Spidsen for den Undsætning og Hjælp, som maatte trænges herfra. Dette blev bevist under Unionsopløsningens kritiske Tid, da Forbundet kaldte sammen det store Massemøde i Auditorium, hvor det saa tydeligt blev lagt for Dagen, at Normændene i Chicago var villige til at ofre, ikke alene sine Penge, men ogsaa sit Liv, om det skulde trænges til Fædrelandets Frelse.

Det norske Nationalforbund har ikke staaet stille — stadig har det gaaet fremad. Under en dygtig Styrelse har det afhjulpet hvad tidligere var et stort Savn ved Oprettelsen af et Arbeidskontor — et varigt og vakkert Minde om Præsident Abrahamsens Administration. Arbeidskontorets Virksomhed i sit første Aar har Forbundet, takket være Hr. Bergans utrættelige Iver, den største Ære af. Især i denne Arbeidsløshedens Tid har Kontoret frelst mange af vore Landsmænd fra Nød og Fortvilelse — det kan jeg som Konsul fortælle om.

Men, mine Herrer, betydelig og rosværdig som dette Forbundets Arbeide har været, vil jeg spørge: Kan der ikke udrettes mere? Kan der ikke indvindes en end større Arbeidsmark? Jeg tror bestemt, at Forbundet kan være til endnu større Gavn og Glæde for os Normænd her i Chicago ved end yderligere at vedligeholde Forbindelsen med gamle Norge og derved stadig styrke os i den norske Nationalitetsfølelse.

Vi Normænd her i Amerika er med Rette regnet for at være gode, loyale amerikanske Borgere, men det kan vi være samtidig som vi vedligeholder og fremelsker Slægts-

følelsen og den aandelige Forbindelse med Norge. Ja, jeg vil endog sige, at Bevarelsen af Norskheden i os gjør os til bedre amerikanske Borgere; thi kun ved den kan vi udvikle det bedste i os selv og yde vort Bidrag til Aandsudviklingen i Fremtidens Amerika. Det er fra Norge, at vort Aandsliv naturligen faar sit Præg, og derfra vil det da faa det meste af sin Kraft og Næring. Vi trænger netop derfor de Impulser, som Forbindelsen med Norge bedst kan give os.

Denne Forbindelse med det gamle Land kan bedst opnaaes gjennem Normandsforbundet, som netop er det rette Organ i dette Øiemed, og jeg vil derfor benytte denne Anledning til at henstille til Nationalforbundet, at det tager under Overveielse, hvorvidt det ikke burde slutte sig til det andet Forbund. Normandsforbundets Formaal er at vedligeholde Forbindelsen og styrke Samholdet mellem Normænd i og udenfor Norge. Der er i dette Formaal intet, som strider mod Nationalforbundets Opgave; tvertimod, de svarer nøie til hinanden, fordi de begge vil udvide Arbeidsmarken for den nationale Evne. Den Tanke, som ligger til Grund for Normandsforbundet, og hvorom fædrelandssindede Mænd og Kvinder baade i Norge og Amerika har samlet sig: "at knytte en Broderkjæde mellem Normænd overalt i Verden og danne et virksomt Hele af de spredte norske Kræfter," denne store og vakre Tanke kan og bør ikke andet end vinde Anklang i norske Hjerter her i Chicago.

Kan Nationalforbundet tabe noget ved et saadant Skridt? Vil det være til Hinder for dets Arbeide eller formindske dets Værdighed eller Indflydelse? Nei, langt-

ifra. Nationalforbundet vilde ikke ofre noget af sin Uafhængighed — dets Organisation og dets Virkefelt vil blive uforandret. Forbindelsen vilde være ærefuld i enhver Henseende for begge Parter. Normandsforbundet "has made good." Fra en liden Begyndelse har det vokset sig frem til et anseeligt Omfang, nu vist med et Medlemsantal af henimod 30,000, spredte over hele Jordkloden. Flere Hefter af dets fortræffelige Tidsskrift er udkommet med Indhold af største Interesse for Normænd overalt i Verden. Mange norske Foreninger paa andre Steder i Amerika har meldt sig ind. Efter lang og moden Overveielse kommer nu Spørsmaalet til Chicago, og da først og fremst til Nationalforbundet.

Jeg er vis paa, at Nationalforbundet vil gjøre det eneste rette i denne vigtige Sag, baade til Gavn for os selv og til Glæde for vore Brødre hjemme i Norge og overalt ellers i Verden.

Mine Herrer, vor lille Nation med en Befolkning af Størrelse som Byen Chicagos udretter det som ingen anden gjør. Den sætter sit Præg paa Verden i ethvert Virkefelt, i Literatur, i Kunst, i Musik, i Videnskab, i Opdagelse. Ogsaa her i Landet kan vi udrette store Ting, bare vi vil gjøre tilskamme, hvad en har kaldt den berømte norske Uenighed, bare vi vil holde sammen og "løfte i Flok". Det er dette, som Nationalforbundet skal sætte igjennem.

Mine Herrer, Nationalforbundet leve!

Tale ved Det Norske Tabitha Hospitals Koncert i Wicker Park Hall, Chicago, den 11te Marts 1908.

Mine Damer og Herrer:—

Dette er en Mærkedag for Tabitha Hospitalet, en Mærkedag, der afslutter et særskilt Afsnit af Hospitalets Historie, det sidste Fem-Aar af dets Tilværelse. At dette Tidsrum har bragt store og glædelige Resultater, det ved vi alle; og at Hospitalets Gjerning omfattes med dyb Interesse af Normændene i Chicago, viser tydelig denne store Forsamling af norske Mænd og Kvinder iaften.

Det er i Sandhed vigtige og betydningsfulde Aar, som har bragt saadan Fremgang — Udvidelsen af Hospitalets Virksomhed og dets forøgede Anseelse. Det er jo ikke saa vanskelig at forstaa Grunden til denne glædelige Fremgang: en dygtig og sindig Styrelse, kompetente og opofrende Læger og Sygepleiersker, men fremfor alt: Enighed. Naar jeg nævner Enighed, saa er det ikke for at minde om den ulykkelige Tid, da det modsatte af Enighed var Tilfældet, men for at fremhæve den store Anerkjendelse, som Hospitalet fortjener, fordi det lykkelig har overvundet de Farer, som truet dets Tilværelse og derved naaet did, hvor det staar idag.

Kommer en Fremmed og spør: Hvad er Tabitha-Hospitalet, hvad vil han da faa til Svar? Jo, først og fremst, at det er en norsk Institution, helt igjennem norsk i enhver Henseende. Stiftet af Normænd, styret af norske

Mænd og Kvinder, med norske Læger og Sygepleiersker og med en Virksomhed, som kommer væsentlig den norske Befolkning her i Byen tilgode.

Endvidere, at det er en Institution som ikke er afhængig af noget Kirkesamfund eller forbundet med noget politisk Parti. Dets ene store og herlige Gjøremaal er at helbrede Sygdom og afhjælpe Nød. Det hører den store norske Befolkning til, uanseet Trosbekjendelse, Samfundsklasse eller Parti.

Vi ved, at Tabitha-Hospitalet tilhører saavel fattig som rig. Har en fattig Stakkar intet at betale med, slipper han ind alligevel, hvis Nød virkelig er forhaanden. Og trods at saaledes en betydelig Del af dets Gjerning er uden Godtgjørelse, har Hospitalet klaret alle sine Forpligtelser.

Tabitha-Hospitalets Tilblivelse og Vækst viser tydelig et Karaktertræk hos Normændene — deres uafladelige og opofrende Omhu for sine syge og fattige. Dette finder man overalt, hvor Normænd har slaaet sig ned ude i Verden. Det hænger nøie sammen med vor Nations dybe religiøse Følelse, som bevirker, at saasnart et norsk Settlement er kommet lidet Gran i Orden, reiser Nybyggerne en Kirke, for derefter at bygge et Hospital, et Barnehjem, et Alderdomshjem. — Derfor staar Tabitha Hospitalet som et vakkert Monument over Normænds Godgjørenhed og Offervillighed.

Paa samme Tid er det en stadig Paamindelse om, at vi kommer af en Nation saa kraftig og trofast mod sig selv, at den med sine egne Institutioner som dette Ho-

spital, udgjør et eget og agtet Samfund, som i de nye Omgivelser ikke kan forsvinde.

Medens vi e r gode loyale amerikanske Borgere i Amerika, vil vi dog bevare den bedste Del af vor Norskhed, og derved ogsaa altid forblive gode Normænd.

Speech at dinner of Board of Trustees of the Deerfield Township Highschool, Highland Park, Ill., May 11th, 1908.

It is a great pleasure to be here tonight. It is naturally a pleasure to me personally to be welcomed to my duties on the Board in such a cordial way and to have the chance to make these acquaintances under such delightful circumstances. This is also a fitting manner of celebrating the gratifying consummation of our High School arrangements.

The question of a High School was for a long time a great problem to Lake Forest, and the satisfaction was therefore correspondingly great when the solution was found in Highland Park. We in Lake Forest are pleased and proud to have our boys and girls come to this magnificent institution for a liberal education. There were in the beginning legal obstacles to the arrangement, which were disregarded by both sides on account of their appreciation of the mutual advantages gained by so doing. Mr. Sandwick "took the bull by the horns". In the course of time, as the benefits and advantages became plain to everyone in Lake Forest, the legal obstacles were removed and the whole matter put in unassailable shape to the general satisfaction of our community.

The arrangement means something more than a bond of practical and economical utility. It ties together two communities on this North Shore that we all, and I

think with much justification, believe to be quite unique. In this western country they are in the vanguard in adopting all measures of municipal improvement and progress. They both deserve the name which a former Lake Forest mayor used to delight in applying to our town: They are **the "banner cities"** of this section of the country, and having this distinction in common, it is highly fitting and proper that we should bind them more closely together.

Some day, through the marvelously quick settlement and development of this North Shore, the whole territory between Highland Park and Lake Forest will be built up, and I have no doubt that you Highland Parkers will have designs on all this territory. I am reliably informed that you the other day attempted to force an unwilling and protesting neighbor into your corporate limits, and so, I suppose, your adoption of our young Lake Forest citizens into your school is the first step toward the incorporation of our entire city into Highland Park.

I am proud to come from a country which, to a most remarkable degree, is setting its impress upon the world in making itself prominent in every field of activity—literature, art, music, science and exploration, and all this with a population the size of Chicago's. You know well the names of Ibsen and Bjørnson in literature, of Thaulow and the other representatives of Norwegian Art, of the composers Grieg, Svendsen and Kjerulf, of the great artic explorers Nansen and Amundsen, the last of whom recently discovered the North Magnetic Pole and completed the Northwest Passage, a feat that Englishmen

had been trying to accomplish for more than four hundred years. I am often asked to what this singular prominence and activity of Norwegians are due. After having given the matter much thought I arrived at the conclusion, which makes me answer: to Norway's exceptional school system. There is not time here tonight to explain this at any length. Our Norwegian School system, while modeled largely upon the German, has developed certain remarkable features of its own. You all know that manual training in this country was copied from "sløyd" in the Scandinavian schools. Gymnastics occupy an important part in the curriculum. The Norwegian school is uncompromising in regard to learning certain things by heart, things about which there cannot and should not be unneccessary reasoning. In Norway, where there is a State Church and "religion" is one of the regular school courses, Luther's Catechism must be absolutely committed to memory, but the rules of the Latin grammar are regarded with nearly as much respect and reverence. In fact, we always suspected our Latin teacher, who bore the classical name of Plato, and who also taught us religion, of giving preference to the Latin grammar both above Luther's Catechism and the Bible.

But the most distinctive feature of the Norwegian school system is the care and attention given to the individual, and this applies from the entrance into school at the age of six until the pupil graduates twelve years later in passing his examinations for the University. The excellence of this system of individualistic care and attention was emphasized the other day by President Eliot

of Harvard in the speech he delivered to the Teachers' Association of Indiana, and he recommended it particularly for the High School, if it is to fulfill its proper mission and hold the interest of the pupil throughout the entire course and make him ambitious to graduate. He said: "there is one function of the teacher which is higher and more influential than helping the weak, namely, developing the strong, giving the superior child it's chance, leading it on faster and faster to freer and nobler efforts. There should be in all our democratic schools division of the quick children from the slow, of the able children from the dull." He points out the small percentage that graduate out of the entire High School attendance, and the other day in attending my first meeting of this Board I was much interested to have this fact verified by the statistics of this school. In Norway this care and attention to the individual continues through life; for after they have graduated from school the state grants stipends to promising young men in every branch to continue their studies abroad, so that they, each in their specialty, may enjoy the utmost chances that the whole world can offer. The two great literary lights Ibsen and Bjørnson were both recipients of such stipends. And it is not only literary men, musicians, artists and scientists that enjoy this parental care of the state, but even young men showing special aptitude for business are supplied with the means to go abroad and study business methods in the most advanced countries.

My first connection with America, now just twenty years ago, was the American High School, which gave me

a year's preparation for Harvard College. It was the first splendid privilege I enjoyed as a citizen or rather a prospective citizen of this country, and the value of which to me then could not be overestimated. Now I become connected with the American High School in a different capacity. As a member of this Board I hope to be able to pay back in some measure the debt of such long standing, while at the same time I am certain of deriving great satisfaction from the experience of more intimate knowledge of the American High School, as well as of my association with yourselves.

Syttende Mai Tale holdt i Fargo, N. D., den 16de Mai og i Grand Forks, N. D., den 18de Mai 1908.

Mine Damer og Herrer, Landsmænd i (Grand Forks) Fargo:—

Vi er samlet her for at feire vort gamle Fædreland Norges store Høitidsdag, den 17de Mai. Og vi gjør det tilgavns, ja endda bedre end de gjør det hjemme i Norge; for her hos os vil Festen vare tvende, ja for manges Vedkommende kanske ogsaa trende Dage tilende; vi begynder tidlig og vi begynder godt. Vi husker hjemmefra, at vi ved de store Høitider ogsaa feirede den foregaaende Dag, Julaften, Paaskeaften osv.; derfor forslaar ikke selve 17de Mai-Dagen for os, vi opretter ogsaa en 17de Maiaften.

At vi aldrig glemmer 17de Mai siger sig selv; glemte vi den Dag, havde vi ogsaa glemt vort Fædreland. Den Dagen har vi jo feiret lige fra de tidligste Barneaar, fra vi var en Næve stor; og for mange af os knytter vel de stolteste og lykkeligste Erindringer fra de Tider sig til hin 17de Mai, da vi for første Gang fik være med og marschere i Barnetoget med Flag i Haand til Ære for Dagen. Her i det fjerne Amerika slaar hvert Aar den 17de Mai vor Kjærlighed til Fædrelandet, Gamle Norge, ud i Luer, og vi høitideligholder Dagen, som var vi derhjemme; og at det hverken mangler os paa Tilslutning eller Begeistring, det ser vi tydelig her idag.

Hvorfor er det nu, at vor Loyalitet og Begeistring ikke aftar med Aarene, men snarere tiltar i Styrke og In-

derlighed? Hvad er det som gjør, at den 17de Mai altid vil være en Festdag for os, selv om vi er aldrig saa langt borte fra Fædrelandet?

Først og fremst fordi det er Norges Grundlovsdag, den Dag da for snart et Aarhundrede siden Fædrenes store Værk blev foreløbig fuldendt, da de paa Eidsvold gav Landet en Konstitution, hvis Mage man vanskelig skal finde i den hele Verden. Al virkelig Magt og Myndighed er ved den lagt i Folkets Hænder, formidlet ved de mest folkelige og liberale Institutioner, Historien kjender. Grundstenen til vor Frihed blev altsaa lagt den 17de Mai 1814, selv om det tog lang Tid, lige til den 7de Juni 1905, før det trefarvede Flag kunde heises itop paa den fuldførte Bygning. Det store Maal, som Fædrene paa Eidsvold havde sat sig, men ikke magtet helt at sætte igjennem, blev i 1905 endelig naaet. Det norske Folk i sit Storthing hævdet Landets Grundlov. Om Grundloven af 17de Mai 1814 fylkede vi os dengang til Forsvar for Norges ældgamle Frihed og Selvstændighed. Derfor vier vi Dagen til Mindet om Fædrenes store Værk, og vi deler Hjemlandets Stolthed og Glæde over Bevarelsen af den dyre Arv.

Begge vore to store Nationaldage, 17de Mai og 7de Juni, har en egen Betydning for Norge og for Normænd hele Verden over, fordi de har lært os noget vi aldrig maa miste af Syne: De viser os det norske Folk fuldstændig enigt, samlet i Fylking fra Nordkap til Lindesnæs. dette Folk, som ellers saa ofte, altfor ofte, er splittet i Partistridigheder og Kampe. I 1814 optraadte Normændene for første Gang i sin Historie i fuld Enighed,

dengang de efter vel udført Arbeide dannede Broderkjæde og høitidelig svor paa at være "Enige og tro til Dovre falder." Det var den samme Enighed, som i 1905 fik hele Verden til at beundre det lille modige Folk der inord, en Enighed som først gav sig Udslag i Storthingsbeslutningen af 7de Juni og saa i den enestaaende Folkeafstemning. Naar et Folk er saaledes forenet og samlet, og paa samme Tid viser en saadan Offervillighed og brændende Fædrelandskjærlighed hos Store og Smaa, Mænd og Kvinder, da er dets Kraft og Vilje uimodstaaelig. Vær vis paa det, Landsmænd, hvis Normænd, enten det er i Norge eller her, vil staa saaledes sammen, enige og samdrægtige, kan de opnaa hvad det skal være — da vil de altid vinde frem til Seier.

Men 17de Mai har ogsaa en videre Betydning for os, som gode **amerikanske** Borgere. Vi hører saa ofte det, at man her i Landet ønsker os Normænd velkommen som et af de bedste Elementer i Amerikas Befolkning, fordi vi er arbeidsomme, stræbsomme og ærlige, men fremfor alt fordi vi er lovlydige. Hvis dette sidste er sandt, som jeg tror det er, og vi virkelig fortjener Ros som lovlydige, kommer det vel af, at vi stammer fra et Land med gode Love, Love som indgyder Respekt og som fortjener at adlydes. Det er de frie demokratiske Institutioner, som skabtes ved den norske Grundlov, som kanske mer end noget andet har forberedt os og gjort os skikket til godt amerikansk Borgerskab.

Hvis nu vor norske Oprindelse og Opvæksten hjemme i Norge har bidraget saa meget til at gjøre os til gode loyale amerikanske Borgere, saa er det jo ikke nogen

Skade, men tværtimod til Gavn for vort amerikanske Borgerskab, foruden at det i sig selv maa skaffe os en inderlig Glæde, at vedligeholde Forbindelsen med det gamle Land og derved stadig styrke den norske Nationalfølelse, som bor i os. Ved Bevarelsen af Norskheden udvikler vi det bedste i os selv og sætter os istand til at yde vort Bidrag til Aandsudviklingen i Fremtidens Amerika. Vi maa øse vor aandelige Føde fra den rige Fædrenearv. Det er fra Norge at vort Aandsliv naturligen faar sit Præg, og derfra vil det ogsaa faa det meste af sin Kraft og Næring. Vi trænger netop derfor de Impulser, som Forbindelsen med Norge kan gi os. Uden denne rige aandelige Arv vil vi staa her paa den fremmede Jordbund uden Rod.

Der findes nu et storartet Organ, hvis Formaal netop er at vedligeholde Forbindelsen og styrke Samholdet mellem Normænd i og udenfor Norge, nemlig, som I alle ved: Normandsforbundet. Fra en liden Begyndelse har denne Forening voxet sig frem til en anselig Størrelse, nu vist med et Medlemsantal af 30,000 til 40,000, spredte over hele Jordkloden. Den Tanke, som ligger til Grund for Nordmandsforbundet og hvorom fædrelandssindede Mænd og Kvinder baade i Norge og Amerika har samlet sig: "At knytte en Broderkjæde mellem Normænd overalt i Verden, og danne et virksomt Hele af de spredte norske Kræfter," denne store Tanke har sikkert vundet Anklang i norske Hjerter ogsaa her i Nord Dakota.

Gamle Mor Norge, som naturligt er, viser paa mangfoldige Maader sin Interesse og varme Kjærlighed for sine udvandrede Sønner og Døtre. Hun følger med i al

deres Gjerning og glæder sig stolt, naar de gjør noget stort og vinder Ære. Saadan Ære kaster jo ogsaa Glans tilbage paa det Land, som frembragte Manden og først opmuntret og gjorde ham skikket til sin Gjerning. De Normænd her i Landet, som har vundet sig et Navn, ved borgerlig eller anden Fortjeneste, har da ogsaa hjemmefra faaet Æresbevisninger og blit udmærket paa mange Maader. Paa vore store Festdage sender Norge os Hilsen, og dets Repræsentanter her i Landet gaar i Spidsen for Festlighederne. Ifjor 17de Mai bragte Minister Hauge en saadan Hilsen til den store Skare Landsmænd, som var samlet i Chicago, og iaar er Minister Gude paa samme Maade kommen til Normændene i Minneapolis.

I extraordinært Statsraad, efter Forslag af den norske Regjering — og bag den Storthinget og hele det norske Folk — besluttede Norges gode og inderlig afholdte Konge, Haakon den 7de, at sende til alle Normænd i Amerika sin hjertelige Hilsen, og til at frembære denne udvalgte han Norges første geistlige Embedsmand, Rigets Primas, Biskop Bang, som derfor er kommet den lange Vei over Havet. Imorgen vil Biskopen i Minneapolis fremføre Kongehilsenen; og jeg ved den vil naa frem til alle norske Hjerter, fordi den selv kommer fra Hjertet.

Biskopen vil ogsaa overrække Normændene i Nordvesten en Statue af Henrik Wergeland, nøiagtig Magen til den, der nu skal reises i Digterens Fødeby. Bidragsyderne til denne vakre Gave er Norges første Mænd, Statsminister Michelsen, Løvland og Gunnar Knudsen, Storthingspræsident Berner, Roald Amundsen, Frithjof

Nansen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson og mange andre, som har villet vise sine udvandrede Brødre sin Agtelse og Kjærlighed ved at skjænke dem et Mindesmærke over denne Norges Digterkonge, han hvis Hjerte var fuldt af Glæde over Livet, over Arbeidet og den Lykke som ligger i Arbeidet.

Normændene herover og Normændene hjemme trænger hinanden gjensidig. Norge og Amerika skylder hinanden saa uendelig meget, og det er derfor passende og naturlig, at hver af dem den 17de Mai mindes denne Gjæld. Jeg har nævnt det før: Norge har forsynet og forsyner fremdeles Amerika med et af de bedste Elementer i Befolkningen, et Element, der staar for Lov og Orden. Store Dele af dette Land, og ikke mindst dette herlige Nord Dakota, er blit ryddet og derefter bygget af norske Sener og Muskler. Den norske Nation har skaffet Hoveder til Styrere af forskjellige Stater i Unionen, ligesom vi finder Normænd i Landets høieste Raad i Washington. Det er ikke bare i ren kropslig Henseende vi har gjort en kraftig Indsats i Livet omkring os; overalt hvor Oplysning og Fremskridt spores, er vi med. Som Amerikanere maa vi derfor erkjende, og vi gjør det med Stolthed og Tilfredsstillelse, at Amerikas Gjæld til Norge er stor.

Men saa har da ogsaa Norge meget at takke Amerika for. Millioner af Dollars sendes Aar efter Aar fra Amerika til Norge og bringer Hjælp og Glæde til mange trængende derover. Disse Penge er fortjente og sparet sammen i dette Land, som med sine umaadelige Resourcer og Anledninger har gjort dette mulig.

Men Norge har faaet noget bedre og større end dette fra Amerika. Det har faaet Opmuntring og Inspiration til Ideer, som har bidraget til den norske Nations Vækst og Udvikling og i mange Retninger gjort den til hvad den er idag. Vi ved alle, at den norske Konstitution er i en væsentlig Grad formet efter Amerikas. I de liberale og folkelige Institutioner, som fra Amerikas Konstitution blev indlemmet i den norske Grundlov, arvet det gamle Kongerige Norge fra den unge Republik det, som i næsten Hundrede Aar har vist sig at være til Velsignelse for det norske Folk. Men dette er ikke alt: I hele denne Tid har den norske Nation været under Paavirkning af liberale Ideer og Tanker, en Indflydelse, som er kommen ved hjemvendte Normænds Beretninger om Livet og Forholdene herover og ved den umaadelige og uafladelige Strøm af Breve til Hjemlandet. Norges politiske Udvikling viser gjennem hele Aarhundredet en uafbrudt Vekst i Retning af Folkestyre, og jeg tar ikke Feil, naar jeg siger, at den amerikanske Indflydelse har havt meget at gjøre med den Udvikling af Frihedstanken hjemme, den, som endelig kulminerede og fandt sit fuldeste Udtryk i Begivenhederne af 7de Juni 1905.

Tankerne gaar idag tilbage til Norge, vort gamle elskede Fædreland — alt staar levende for vort indre Øie. Vi ser det vakre trefarvede Flag vaie overalt, paa Land og i By; og vi ser Skarer af festklædte Mænd og Kvinder med nationalfarvede Baand paa Brystet; vi hører norske Folkemelodier og Nationalsangen sunget i jublende Kor gjennem hele den lange norske Vaardag. Der er Musik og Dans — Jubel og Fest overalt. Om Formiddagen gaar

Barnetoget — en ustyrlig Elv af Smaaflag bølger gjennem Gaderne, og Luften skjælver af begeistrede Hurraer. Opover Karl Johan og Slotsbakken, rundt Pladsen foran Slottet, hvor der gjøres holdt og Kongesangen synges, som den kun kan synges af Børn, for hvem Kongen er det største og herligste i denne Verden. Kongen kommer ud paa Altanen og hilser Landets vordende Borgere, Landsfaderen vifter bevæget til sine mindste Barn. Det er som om de skingrende Hurraer aldrig vil ta en Ende. Toget gaar videre, nedover til Byen igjen, forbi Storthinget, fremdeles videre gjennem de lange Gader og endelig til Fæstningspladsen. De smaa Børn mærker ikke noget til Træthed; de smaa Arme holder trofast Flaget iveiret; de smaa Struber synger om og om igjen: "Ja vi elsker dette Landet." Og paa denne Dag lærer de at elske det, saa de aldrig glemmer det. — Ikke en af os her idag har idetmindste glemt det. Det er Eftermiddag, og det store Borgertog marscherer gjennem Gaderne under talrige vakre Faner til Ære for Dagen. Folkets Kaarne, Storthingsmændene gaar i Spidsen, saa Handelsmændene, Haandværkerne, alle mulige Stænder, og saa tilslut de muntre Studenter med Duskehuerne. En af Landets store Mænd holder Festtalen; Roald Amundsen har gjort det, Nansen har gjort det; men oftest er det vel blit gjort af Norges første Søn, Fædrelandssangens Digter, den uforlignelige Taler og Patriot Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.

Det er paa denne Tid af Aaret at Græsset spirer, at Løvet sprætter, at Elvene gaar fra Fjeldet i brusende Flom og Fossefald ned til Fjorden. Kjender I ikke den

liflige Vaarduft fra Blaaveis og Markfiol? Hører I ikke Fossens Dur? Ser I ikke det lysegrønne Skjær over hele vort herlige Land? Aarstiden er symbolsk for Udvikling, Vækst og Kraft i Folket. Ligesom Norges vakre Vaarskrud bebuder Sommerens fulde Udvikling, saaledes lover den 17de Mai evig Uafhængighed, Selvstændighed og Frihed for det norske Folk.

Lad os da paa denne Vaarens fagre, løfterige Dag, som Wergeland kalder "den velsignede blandt Dage, lad den altid skjønnere vende tilbage," denne Dag, som er saa rig paa store Minder, som er saa fyldt af Poesi og Skjønhed, lad os da, lad alle gode norske Hjerter, forenes i at sende en kjærlig Hilsen tilbage over Havet til vort gamle Hjem og Fædreland — det underdeilige Norge!

Speech at opening of the bazaar of Norw. Luth. Deaconesses Hosp., Northwest Hall, Chicago, October 28th 1908.

Mr. President, Sister Superior, Deaconesses, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a great pleasure to be here tonight and be given an opportunity to felicitate the hospital upon this occasion; for indeed it is an occasion that justifies congratulation and rejoicing .

In holding this Bazaar the institution of Norwegian Lutheran Deaconesses is engaged in a vigorous attempt to raise the means to accomplish a most laudable purpose: that of adding a new building to the present hospital. How necessary this step is, we all know; for the need of more space in which to carry on the work of the hospital has long been deeply felt. The calls upon the hospital to supply accommodations have been far in excess of what it could furnish; and the time would now seem to be here to relieve these conditions.

Now, what is the record of this institution up to date? In responding to the call made upon our interest and charity it is only natural for us to examine into what it has accomplished so far. It is not for me here to give any detailed history of the hospital — it's small and modest beginning twelve, thirteen years ago, its early struggles, its gradual growth and development, until it has reached its present state of activity and prosperity. We may content ourselves with finding that this splendid

growth and development have mainly been due to three causes: The excellent administration it has enjoyed, the high order of efficiency of its medical staff, and last, but certainly not least, the never-failing faithfulness, loyalty and devotion of its deaconesses.

I emphasize this last feature of the hospital's work and life as the one that appeals to us most strongly. The institution of deaconesses, as we find it here, is one that enlists our respect and admiration. Not only is the life of its members devoted to the care and nursing of the sick, but it is also consecrated to the service of God and His Church. As consecrated members of a church their ministrations are not only to the body but also to the soul, and the two often go singularly well together. Their long arduous period of study and apprenticeship is undergone not with any selfish aim of acquiring at the end of it a certain earning capacity for their own benefit, but solely to become most useful in the service of God by reaching the highest degree of efficiency in caring for sick and unfortunate humanity. By its selfdenial and selfsacrifice their mission is indeed glorious.

But what also appeals strongly to us Norwegians is the fact that the deaconesses here are continuing in The New World the work of the ancient and honorable Mother institution in old Norway — that they here amid new surroundings, too often apt to create a spirit of self-promotion and desire for personal gain, are remaining true to the splendid principles of that Mother institution and in America perpetuating its glorious traditions.

Just such an institution as the Deaconesses Hospital

proves that we belong to a nation so vigorous and true to itself, that new surroundings cannot wholly absorb it and make to disappear its identity and character.

I am charged with a special duty here tonight, which I feel it a singular pleasure and honor to perform: that of bringing to you all a cordial greeting from King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. Their interest and good wishes for the hospital have taken a more tangible form in a beautiful present to the hospital, which it was planned should be turned over with this greeting here tonight. Unfortunately Uncle Sam has not performed his part as satisfactorily as desired in having his postal service bring the gift here on the appointed day. I can therefore tonight only describe the donation as being a beautiful Norwegian rug, designed by one of the country's foremost artists, Gerhard Munthe, and woven by the Arts and Crafts Society of Norway. But I can add to this something of which I had an opportunity to judge during my visit this past summer in Norway: that the King and Queen sincerely feel the deepest interest in and affection for the emigrated sons of Norway now living in America, and therefore I know I can say that this greeting from our King and Queen comes straight from the heart.

Tale ved Overrækkelsen af Kongens og Dronningens Portrætter til Det Norske Alderdomshjem i Chicago, den 23de Januar 1909.

Hr. Præsident Quales, Medlemmer af den norske Alderdomshjemforening, mine Damer og Herrer:

Jeg er paalagt det ærefulde Hverv at overrække Alderdomshjemmet en Gave fra Norges Konge og Dronning —deres signerede Portrætter—og paa samme Tid bringe eder allesammen en hjertelig Hilsen fra Kong Haakon og Dronning Maud.

Ved denne Gave har det norske Kongepar git et smukt Bevis paa sin Velvilje og Interesse for Alderdomshjemmet, Følelser, som vel ikke kunde faaet et vakrere Udslag end netop i denne Form. De ædle og tiltalende Ansigtstræk, lysende af Venlighed og Godhed, vil stadig minde eder om, at den norske Konge og hans Dronning omfatter ogsaa Norges udflyttede Sønner og Døtre med Kjærlighed, at hans Sympathi og Kjærlighed ikke bare gjælder Norges Land, men at hans Kjærlighed som sand Landsfader ogsaa naar det norske Folk, hvor det end findes, paa Land og Sjø, i alle Verdensdele.

Og Kong Haakon paa sin Side sætter stor Pris paa de udvandrede Normænds Sympathi og Hengivenhed; det har han lagt for Dagen ved mange Anledninger. Da de norsk-amerikanske Deputerede havde Foretræde for ham under Kroningen i Trondhjem, sa han, at den Sympathi, som blev vist ham af de udflyttede Normænd,

havde været ham en stor Hjælp og Opmuntring i hans vigtige Gjerning. Det bør vi lægge os paa Hjerte og ikke glemme her i det fjerne Amerika.

Men denne Gave har ogsaa en videre Betydning end den at være en Hilsen fra Landsfaderen, den er ogsaa en Hilsen til eder fra eders gamle Fædreland. Den er et Bud om at gamle Mor Norges Kjærlighed til sine Børn aldrig ophører, selv om Børnene blir meget gamle og kanske aldrig kommer hjem igjen til hende. Hendes Hengivenhed for eder vil aldrig bli mindre, men holde ved til Livets sidste Stund.

Tale ved Overrækkelsen af Kongens og Dronningens Portrætter til Det Norske Børnehjem i Chicago den 14de Februar 1909.

Denne Dag, St. Valentine's Day, er, som vi alle ved, en Børnenes Dag her i Amerika, paa hvilken det er Skik og Brug at Barna gir og faar Presenter. Den smukkeste Valentine faar idag Børnene i Chicago's Børnehjem fra Norges Konge og Dronning, Kong Haakons og Dronning Mauds signerede Portrætter.

Og det er en Gave, som ikke bare idag vil fornøie Børnene og Hjemmets mange Venner; den vil ogsaa i Fremtiden bringe Glæde og Opmuntring, fordi den er en Forsikring om, at ogsaa det norske Kongepar findes blandt Barnehjemmets interesserede og gode Venner. Barnekjære, som de selv er, har det sikkerlig glædet dem at høre om det Hjem, som har været og vil bli til Velsignelse for saa mange norske Smaagutter og Smaapiger, og som paa en saa glimrende Maade har vidst at løse sin store Opgave slig, at det idag, trods Modgang og Uheld, staar paa sikker Grund — det vakreste Mindesmærke over det norske Chicago's Omsorg og Kjærlighed til de smaa og hjælpeløse i Samfundet.

For et Par Uger siden fik Alderdomshjemmet en lignende Gave og med den et Bud fra Norges Konge og Dronning. Ogsaa idag har jeg Bud at overbringe fra dem til de norske Børn i Chicago. Disse Portrætter skal minde dem om deres norske Herkomst, deres norske Afstam-

ning. Selv om de aldrig har set gamle Norge, skal de alligevel ikke glemme, at det Land er deres Fædres Land, at det engang var Fars og Mors Land, og at de derfor selv er bundet til det med mangfoldige Baand. De har norsk Blod i Aarene, og de har norske Egenskaber i sin Natur, Egenskaber, som de aldrig hverken vil eller kan helt skille sig af med, hvor gode og loyale amerikanske Borgere de end vokser op til at bli. Og ikke skulde de ønske heller at miste det i dem, der er norsk, for det er vel noget af det bedste de eier. Vi Normænd er velkomne her i Amerika, netop fordi vi ansees for at ha de nationale Egenskaber, som gjør os til gode Borgere, Arbeidsomhed, Stræbsomhed, Ærlighed og Lovlydighed. Hvis dette er saa, har Norge git sine udflyttede Sønner og Døtre en uvurderlig Skat med til det nye Land, og Efterkommerne har en Arv, som de ikke noksom kan sætte Pris og ta Vare paa. Mit Bud til Børnene er da: Vær stolt af Eders norske Herkomst, og forsøg altid paa at gjøre Norge Hæder; — derved hædrer I eder selv.

De norske Barn i Amerika skal ved Siden af dette Lands Historie ogsaa lære Norges Historie — de herlige Minder fra de gamle Haakoners og Olavers Tid, Betydningen af 1814 og 1905, Norges Stolthed over de nye Haakoners og Olavers Tid. De maa lære at kjende dets Literatur, netop i vore Dage noget af det bedste Verdensliteraturen har; de bør høre om Nansens og Amundsens store Bedrifter. Selv om de aldrig kommer til det Land, hvor Far og Mor lekte som Barn, bør de ialfald i Aanden se dets storartede Natur: Fjeldene, Snebræerne, de brusende Fosser nedover Klippevæggen, de mørke Granskoge

og de smilende Birkelunde — alt saa rent forskjelligt fra dette flade Prærieland, vi her bebor. De skal høre om de norske Troldene, om Huldren, Draugen, Nøkken og Nissen; ja, de skal lære at holde af den gamle gode Julenissen.

Men fremfor alt maa de oplæres i sine Fædres Tro, oplæres til at kjende og elske den Gud, som har hjulpet Norge i Farens Stund, som har hjulpet Far og Mor, og som altid vil hjælpe dem, naar de med sand Barnetro og Tillid vender sig til ham.

Oration—on "Patriotism"—delivered at graduation exercises of Deerfield Township Highschool at Ravinia Park Theatre, Ill., June 17th 1909. . .

The graduating class is completing its High School course, and some of you are perhaps experiencing a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that this means the end of study. It may mean the end of school courses and examinations, but certainly not of study. In fact, for many of you the study of the most important things in life is just about to commence—instead of graduating you are just making your entrance into the school of life. And there is this great difference between this new school and the old, that now your courses will not be prescribed, your progress not assisted by text books nor watched and superintended by teachers and monitors who give you high or low marks, commend or censure you, but it is left with you yourselves to select your studies—the most complete form of the elective system—to push or let them languish, and consequently to make in them success or failure.

It is one of the studies open to you in this new school of life that I want to especially recommend as worthy of your serious consideration and application, as likely throughout life to give you and also your fellow-men the greatest amount of real genuine satisfaction. Proficiency in this study ranks I think very close after knowledge and proficiency in truth and the other essential moral attri-

butes of a good man. Some of you perhaps do not know that this course is given in the school of life and will be surprised to learn of its being offered to you as part of the curriculum. I refer to the study of patriotism.

Patriotism! You will think you know what it is and that you possess it, and some of you even feel something bordering on resentment at the idea of your being thought lacking in it. It is one of the things that you think should be taken for granted; for no normal man or woman, you say, is without patriotism. That is the very mistake: to take the understanding and possession of patriotism too much for granted.

What is patriotism? The great English statesman Joseph Chamberlain asks the same question thus: "What is this patriotism, this almost universal instinct for which more men have given their lives than for any other cause, and which counts more martyrs than even religion itself —this potent sentiment which has produced so great and splendid deeds of heroic bravery and unselfish devotion—which has inspired art and stimulated literature and furthered science—which has fostered liberty and won independence and advanced civilization, and which on the other hand has sometimes been misunderstood and perverted and made the excuse for brutal excesses and arbitrary tyranny?"

In his learned and justly famous speech a dozen years ago at Glasgow University Mr. Chamberlain undertakes to account for the origin and growth of what he terms "the greatest of civic virtues and most important element of national character—patriotism." He gives the dictionary

definition of the word "patriot" and shows how its meaning in the course of time has undergone an evolution so as to have changed from merely signifying citizen or compatriot, to denote a good citizen and true lover of his country. He refers to the quaint opinions expressed a couple of centuries ago by Lord Shaftesbury to the effect that patriotism is not founded on the accident of birth-place alone—is not merely an attachment to the soil, but depends upon the pursuit of common interest, the defense of a common independence and the love of common liberties; that it is strengthened by a common history and common traditions and is a part of a national character formed under these conditions. Mr. Chamberlain reviews the patriotism of ancient times and shows that with the Jews it was a religious exclusiveness centered in Jerusalem, and as found in ancient Greece and Rome it was narrowed to the native City—a municipal rather than a national sentiment. Later, in the Middle Ages, when the intensity of religious differences produced a line of division more marked than that of race or nationality, patriotism was attachment to a faith instead of love of country.

For a long time the kind of patriotism chiefly revealed in history is a personal loyalty and devotion to the king or ruler, whose power and prestige represents the greatness of the nation. He is the people's might and influence personified. Louis XIV said truly "L'état, c'est moi," and Frenchmen in his reign prided themselves upon being not citizens of France but subjects of the greatest monarch then ruling on earth. With the struggle of the American

colonies for independence and above all with the great revolution of France there was revealed to the world a new kind of patriotism consisting of duty, devotion and selfsacrifice towards one's country and people. The spirit of national pride and unity became infectious, spread, and breaking out all over Europe, caused separated elements that belonged together to unite, withstand oppression, throw off foreign yoke and rise as newborn nations. Germany unified itself, likewise Italy; the vast empire of Russia became consolidated; independence was secured by Switzerland, Holland, Greece, Norway.

There is no doubt that patriotism has grown and widened with the advance of civilization and the progress of liberty, until it today is more powerful than ever before. It is equally true that it is strongest in the most democratic communities, in countries possessing the most liberal and free institutions such as France, Switzerland, Norway, Great Britain and the United States. And the reason is not hard to find: Where a country's government, laws and institutions have been created by the people and for the people, often as the rusult of a hard protracted struggle and bloodshed, that people cannot but prize the hard-won treasure of liberty and be willing to sacrifise much for its preservation.

De Tocqueville says there are two kinds of patriotism, that of instinct and that of reason; and they have also been described as patriotism of the heart and patriotism of the head. Lack of the former is I think very rare; it will be hard to find a nation that will not stand up and fight with heart and soul if its liberty is threatened. It

does not require study—it is inseperable from the heart as the love of one's mother. It is a patriotism that is generous, wholesouled, selfsacrifising, heedless, indifferent to consequences. It shouts: My country, right or wrong. It is the patriotism that poor Poland has shown time and time again in vain efforts against overwhelming odds to regain her autonomy and liberty. It is the kind of patriotism that in the recent Japanese War sent tens of thousands of ignorant Russian peasants cheerfully to death: The Little Father, who personified the glory and greatness of the fatherland, asked it, and their patriotism of the heart could not question his command or the justness of the cause. It is the kind of patriotism that four years ago, when Norway took the daring step of dissolving the union with Sweden and thereby necessarily offended the stronger neighbor at risk of war, made men, old and young, of all classes and conditions, leave their vocations and rush to what threatened to be the firing line on the frontier; made men, women and children, whether rich or poor, offer their savings to the State for the defense of the country; made the emigrated sons of Norway by thousands, although happy and secure in distant America, offer to return and give their lives, if needed, for the old fatherland. It is the patriotism that plunged your own country into the most sanguinary Civil War, where brother stood against brother, a struggle that in devotion to cause and in sacrifice has never been equalled in history. And you, who have inherited the fruits of that awful struggle, if your country again should need the same sacrifices for the preservation of its life or honor,

would, I am certain, never be found lacking in passionate affection and generous sacrifice—in patriotism of the heart.

The patriotism of reason, the quiet, sane patriotism, with which the head busies itself faithfully in time of peace and security, is more rarely met with; and yet your country needs it as much, nay more, than the other. It does not appeal to the imagination, the impulses, the romantic side of one's nature. It consists of careful, diligent, conscientious study of the needs of your country. "whose mission can be fulfilled only by a general display of public spirit, the contribution of all to the common good, and by efforts to develop the nobler side of the national character and to cure its defects." It requires constant and careful study of the vital questions that are before her councils. Do you every day read the papers that treat of these questions , follow along and consider what Congress is doing? Do you study the motives that underlie the actions of the legislators? Are you satisfied that the new Tariff Bill at present before the Senate and House is being prepared in furtherance of the dignity and good reputation of the United States and will be adopted for the welfare of the **whole American people** without ulterior motives of interest to trusts and favored classes? Are you watching the acts of your own representative in Congress, so that you are certain he is on the right side of this and other vital questions and thus worthily representing this district and yourselves?

And all this applies equally to the smaller community in which you live. Are you following along with the

problems that concern your own city's welfare? Are your mayor and council giving your city a clean, efficient and economical administration? Is your city getting an adequate supply of good wholesome water? Is your sewage system all that it should be? Is the electric road fulfilling all the conditions of its franchise? Are the laws prohibiting the sale of liquor within your corporate limits strictly lived up to? Are law and order maintained in all particulars, and is the public service up to the highest known standard for a municipality?

The patriotism of which I speak is not passive but active; it is not negative and critical, but possitive, assertive, effective. The critical attitude leads to nothing; it may be able to destroy, it can never create. It is comparatively easy to stand by and criticise the course of events and the men who are directing them, but a very different thing to plunge in yourselves and bring some definite thing to pass. Chamberlain says: "To leave politics to the politicians whether in national or in municipal work is as fatal to the best interests of the State as to leave to mercenaries the defense of its territories". Some twenty year ago in Cambridge I heard the advice of a comparatively young man, who was then, if I am not mistaken, Police Commissioner of New York and who afterwards in his uniquely strenuous life as Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of Rough Riders, Vice President and twice President of the United States has accomplished so much as to be generally accounted outside of his own country as the greatest American since Lincoln. His advice to the Harvard students was: "Young men, go into politics; you

cannot devote your time and energies to anything better than service of your country!" About the same time a representatives of one of Massachusetts' oldest and best-known families, since become famous as an historian of his country and now senior senator from the Bay State, addressed the students of Harvard College thus: "Let every man give of his leisure, be it more or less, to politics, for it is simply good citizenship to do so. Discard at the outset the wretched habit which is far too prevalent in this country and particularly, I am sorry to say, among highly educated persons, of regarding all men who are much in politics with suspicion, and of using the word "politician" as an uncomplimentary epithet and usually with a sneer. You neither help nor hurt the politician by so doing, but you hurt your country and lower her reputation. There is nothing indeed which does more to injure politics and the public business than to assume that the man who enters it is in some way lowered by so doing. The calling ought to be and is an honorable one, and we should all seek to honor and elevate, not to decry it. Politics is a wide field, but it is a very practical one, and the amateur is not only singularly out of place there, but is especially apt to do harm by mistaken efforts to do good. Take hold of politics as you would of any other business, honorably and respectably, but take hold hard."

You must know all about these matters if you are to do your duty as citizens. You cannot begin too early to inform and prepare yourselves, if you are to vote intelligently on municipal as well as national questions.

And you are fast approaching the time when you are to enjoy what is both a glorious privilege and a grave responsibility—your franchise as citizens.

And you, young women, will soon be able to vote for directors of this very school, which you are leaving today, and will then share with the men the responsibility of its being governed properly. Before long I believe that you here in Illinois, in like manner as now in other states of this union, will have a voice in all municipal questions. And finally, if the women of America some day should really want the suffrage in national affairs (what they evidently do not generally now) and should be properly prepared and qualified for it, they will not have to resort to agitation and violent means (as employed by the suffragettes of England), but they will receive it as their natural due. This is amply demonstrated by the woman's suffrage movement in the most progressive countries of Europe, which, though labeled "monarchy," are in fact far more democratic than this republic. In the national elections in Norway this coming autumn the women will vote. The national assembly of Finland already counts among its members a number af women.

What kind of patriotism is found among immigrants to this country? Do they with citizenship also acquire real patriotism for their new country? Does not the lingering loyality to the old home exclude the full measure of devotion to the new? The answer is, I think, sufficiently furnished by the part these foreign elements (not all in the same degree, to be sure,) take in the national life of America—the part they took in the Civil War and the part

they take today at the polls and in the councils of the nation. The sentiment for the old home and the sentiment for the new are shown to be a different kind, which do not contradict or exclude each other. They can both exist at the same time in full strength. The condition of these people was, I think, beautifully and correctly expressed the other day at the celebration in Chicago of its national holiday by a foreign people: "We marry our new country America, but we always remain sons of the old fatherland. The love for the spouse is no hindrance to the lasting love for the parent". To the new country, from which a man asks and receives the best there is—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—he owes his best in return; and for him to avoid the duties of loyal citizenship would be both unmanly and unfair.

The patriotism for the native land must in every loyal heart be deepseated and lasting. With that land is associated all that is dear and precious from earliest childhood. It is the first home; it is the home with which are inseparably connected the faces of father, mother, sisters, brothers. There were felt the joys and sorrows of the boy—the pleasures that delighted and the hard lessons that hurt. There were received the first impressions of all that is beautiful in life—the incomparable beauty of the native land. There was fostered the ambition, and there was inspired the longing that at length led to emigration. There was given the preparation that trained and adapted the emigrant to good American citizenship. Is it any wonder that the patriotism of the immingrant for his old home on its national day makes him recall in speech and

song its beauty and glory, makes him march in procession with the old national colors above his head, makes him unite in mind and heart with the brothers at home? Is it any wonder that he continues to feel as a son and always to speak of that old home as mothercountry or fatherland?

Patriotism is a strange thing. It is often latent —thoroughly concealed until something occurs to kindle it, when it bursts out into hot flame. In foreign lands I have heard insulting or slighting words to America uttered in presence of an American, and seen this man, usually so quiet and selfcontained, become animated with a passionate patriotism that demanded and procured the words retracted. In remote parts of the world I have witnessed the Stars and Stripes suddenly unfolded before the eyes of an American and seen those eyes, often hard and cold, at once fill with tears of tenderness and pride. You all know the famous story of "The man without a country"? If you ever are far away from her and her symbol "Old Glory" bursts before your gaze, if you have not known before, you will then know how you love your country.

Your sentiments need not be divided—they can fully and entirely be devoted to the one country of your birth, boyhood, youth, manhood. Its future and destiny are largely to be of your making—will greatly depend upon the kind of patriotism that you own. If you study and practise the right patriotism, your country may become, not only in size, resources and power, but in high ideals, in lofty aspirations, in nobility of character, the first on earth.

Tale ved Nedlægning af Grundstenen til Det Norske Aldersdomshjems nye Bygning, Chicago, den 27de Juni 1909.

Vi feirer idag en Mærkedag i Det Norske Alderdomshjems Historie. Af alle dens Mærkedage har ingen været mere betydningsfuld og glædelig end denne. Den nye Bygning, til hvilken Grundstenen blir lagt, betyder først, at Hjemmet vil kunne optage dobbelt saa mange gamle Mænd og Kvinder, som ellers vilde grue for den Tid, da de ikke saa godt kan tage vare paa sig selv, men som nu kan se sit Livs Aften imøde med Fortrøstning og Ro. Den betyder ogsaa, at der skabes et dobbelt Fond af Lykke og Kjærlighed for den norske Befolkning i Chicago; thi en god Gjerning kommer ikke bare den enkelte tilgode, dens Virkning spreder sig udover og sætter Mærke i vide Kredse — i hele Samfundet. Dagen er ogsaa en Mærkepæl i en anden Retning, idet Hjemmet netop nu har optat sit Hundrede Barn; akkurat et Hundrede Mænd og Kvinder har nu nydt godt af den Omhu og Pleie, der gives dem i saa rigt Maal her.

Fra en liden Begyndelse og gjennem Vanskeligheder har Hjemmet opnaaet at komme der, hvor det staar idag, økonomisk betrygget og støttet af den varmeste Forstaaelse og Sympathi fra alle gode Normænd i Chicago. Med den Administration, som Hjemmet har havt, kunde det ikke andet end "make good". Naar en bra og dygtig

Mand lægger hele sin Sjæl i et Arbeide, maa det lykkes; og Dr. Quales kan idag se tilbage paa sin lange Arbeidsdag i Hjemmets Tjeneste med den største Stolthed og Tilfredshed.

Hvad der kanske væsentlig betinger Hjemmets virkelige Sukces, og som gjør, at Hjemmets Beboere her maa føle sig lykkelige, er den Aand, som hersker i denne Institution, en Aand, som omhyggelig og bevidst er fremelsket, og for hvilken Dr. Quales selv har fundet saa rammende Ord:

"Nei, de er der for Livet. De er under vort Tilsyn og under vor Varetægt, hvad enten saa deres Dage bliver faa eller mange. Der bliver ikke Spørsmaal om de har betalt meget eller lidet. Alle kræver de den samme Pleie og den samme Omsorg. Og naar det endelig kommer dertil,

> "At Gravens Taage sig tungt har lagt
> Paa deres halvslukte, matte Blikke,
> Naar de trylles ei mere af Naturens Pragt,
> Høre kun Fryd, men føle den ikke,' —

da er det, der skal en kjærlig, en øm og en hjælpsom Haand til at gjøre Leiet blødt og læske de tørre Læber. En kjærlig Haand til at tørre bort den kolde Sved og de salte Taarer fra blege, furede Kinder. En kjærlig Haand til at lukke de brustne Øine, naar Dødens Engel har optegnet det sidste Aandedrag."

En Ting ved denne Institution af den allerstørste Betydning er, at ingen af Hjemmets Beboere et Øieblik behøver, ja ikke engang **kan** føle, at de her modtager Almisse, at de er her paa Naade. Deres Selvrespekt og

Glæde over at ha ført et hæderligt Liv lider intet Skaar ved nogen ydmygende Tanke paa, at de er afhængige af andre for et Hjem. Her bebor de sit eget Hjem, som ingen kan tage fra dem. Det er kjøbt af dem for et langt og arbeidsomt Livs Frugter. Det er os, som idag er de Gamles Gjæster, ikke de, som er vore.

Normænd har altid været et frihedselskende Folk, som ikke taaler at være afhængig af andre. For et saadant Folk vilde det være dobbelt saart at maatte stole paa den Hjælp, som andre vilde gi. Norske Mænd og Kvinder i Alderdomshjemmet føler i fuldt Mon Selvrespektens Tryghed og Tilfredshed.

Lige fra ældgammel Tid viser Saga og Historie, at de Folk, som har staaet høiest — som har eiet mest Kraft og Karakter — er netop de, hos hvem der var Pligtfølelse overfor de Gamle i Samfundet. Hos vore norske Forfædre blev Oldingen vist Agt og Ære, og det er derfor naturlig, at ogsaa vi paa samme Maade skulde være dette nationale Træk tro og føle Taknemmelighedsgjæld til vore Gamle, som ved et arbeidsomt og trofast Liv har vist os Veien fremover i saa mange Ting. Dette Udslag af Taknemmelighed er desto skjønnere, fordi det er saa absolut uegennyttig; der sees ikke hen til, at der muligens kan komme noget igjen for Møien og Besværet—det gode blir gjort alene for det godes Skyld. Netop i vore Dage synes der at gaa gjennem hele Verden en Bevægelse for at skaffe gamle Folk en sorgfri Alderdom. I England er allerede Pensionsloven indført, og i Norge vil visselig ikke Alderdomsforsikringen la vente længe paa sig. Her i Chicago forsøger nu Skotlænderne, et

Folk, som i Karakter og Lynne har saa meget tilfælles med Normændene, at reise et Fond paa $100,000 til et Alderdomshjem. I denne ædle, prisværdige Gjerning, lad vort norske Folk, og da især vi Norske i Chicago, altid staa forrest i Nationernes Række!

Introduktion af Frøken Gina Krog ved hendes Foredrag i Bjørgvins Hall, Chicago, den 22de Juli 1909.

Mine Damer og Herrer:—

En Ting vi som Normænd især er stolte af er, at vi tilhører en Fremskridtsnation — et Foregangsfolk. Naar det gjælder at bryde en ny Bane, hvad enten det er i Kunst, Musik, Literatur, Opdagelse eller Polarforskning, saa er vort Folk med, ja som oftest viser Veien. Vi Normænd føler os glade og stolte over Bevidstheden om, at vore politiske Institutioner i Kongeriget Norge har udviklet sig i mere demokratisk og fri Retning, at Folkets Vilje hurtigere kommer til sin fulde Ret — at vi har mere virkelig Folkestyre, end Tilfældet er her i Republiken United States.

Kanske mere bemærkningsværdig end noget andet er den Stilling den norske Kvinde nu har arbeidet sig frem til i vort Fædreland, en Stilling nu medførende fuld politisk Ansvar og Ligestillethed med Manden. Dette Aar, da Kvinden for første Gang indtar sit rette Plads i Samfundet ved Delagtighed i det fælles Arbeide for Landets Vel, er i Sandhed et stort Mærkeaar i Norges politiske og sociale Udvikling og Historie.

Det er ogsaa værd at lægge Mærke til den Maade, hvorpaa Udviklingen er foregaaet: Medens man andensteds griber til ubesindige og voldsomme Midler, har man hos os fulgt det bevidste Fremskridts sikre Vei.

Denne Kvindens Stilling i Norge er ikke ydet hende som nogen Gave, men er Resultatet af en langvarig, ihærdig, maalbevidst Kamp. Og dette storartede Resultat er, ved vi, væsentlig opnaaet ved **en**, som i disse mange Aar aldrig svigtede Sagen, som i Kampens og Modgangens haarde Dage aldrig gav tabt, men modig og bevidst om sin Sags Retfærdighed kjæmpede Slaget tilende og vandt Seier. Denne ene, det er — Gina Krog.

Tale for Norge ved Hundredeaarsfesten til Ole Bulls Minde i Bjørgvins Hall, Chicago, 5te Februar 1910.

Ole Olsen Viol, norsk Normand fra Norge — saaledes kaldte han sig. "First, last and always" — Normand. Bjørnson sagde om ham: "Bare at se ham er en Fest... Ole Bull var den første og størsteFeststund i vort Folk." Og de samme Ord gjælder om ham, som det er sagt om Bjørnson selv: "At nævne hans Navn er at heise det norske Flag."

Det er dette Træk hos Ole Bull — hans uforlignelige Fædrelandskjærlighed til enhver Tid og hvor han end befandt sig i Verden, som gjorde ham saa uendelig afholdt af sine Landsmænd, som gjorde, at hans Begravelse blev en Sørgefest for hele Landet, som gjør, at hans Fødselsdag feires i Norge, her i Amerika, overalt i den vide Verden, hvor der findes Normænd, som en Nationaldag, som en Dag, der bragte noget uendelig stort og skjønt og dyrebart til vort Land og Folk.

Denne store Fædrelandskjærlighed fandt Udtryk i hele hans Liv. Hans Livsopgave var gjennem sin store og skjønne Kunst at tale Norges Sag, at tolke det norske Folks Aandsliv — Sjæleliv; og det gjorde han som ingen anden har gjort før eller senere. Som Bjørnson igjen siger om han: "Naar han fik reist det norske Theater, naar han støttet norsk Kunst, naar han hjalp det norske Museum, naar hans mægtige Fele sang for andre norske Foretagender, naar han alle Steder, hvor han kom, hjalp

Landsmænd og andre, som trængte til det, saa var det ikke saa meget for Sagens eller Personens Skyld, som til Norges Lov. Han kjendte sig altid, som vor Udsending!'' — Ole Bull glemte aldrig sit Fædreland, han fornægtede aldrig sit Fædreland. Selv om Kongens Gunst stod paa Spil, som dengang han trodsede Karl Johan paa Stockholms Slot, saa var han dog ikke ræd for at tale Norges Sag og fordre sin fulde Ret og Værdighed som Normand.

Om Ole Bulls Liv lærer os en Ting fremfor alt, saa er det Troskab mod Norge lige til det sidste. Hos ham var der en uimodstaaelig Trang til altid at være med og feire Fædrelandets Festdag, saa at han ved flere Anledninger, for at komme hjem til Norge paa 17de Mai, reiste Tusinder Mile bort fra Rigdom og Æresbevisninger, og tilslut mod Lægers Raad og Advarsel, gjorde han den sidste lange Reise hjem for at kunne skue de elskede kjendte Fjelde og Fjorde endnu engang, leve Livets sidste Øieblikke i Fædrelandet og lukke sine Øine med Hovedet paa Mor Norges Bryst.

Norske Mænd og Kvinder, jeg tror, at vi alle føler noget af den samme Længsel, — at der er Stunder i vort Liv, da det er saare haardt at være borte fra Mor Norge.

At nævne Ole Bull er paa samme Tid at nævne Norge. At hædre Ole Bulls Minde er paa samme Tid at hædre og fremme Norges Sag. Ole Bull og Norge — de to er uadskillelige. Lad os da i denne Høitidsstund erindre hans og vort kjære Fædreland: Norge.

Speech to the graduating nurses of Norwegian Tabitha Hospital delivered June 21st 1910.

Graduating Nurses of the Tabitha Hospital!

It is my pleasure and privilege tonight to express to you the greeting of this assemblage. Our sentiments are twofold: first, pleasure and satisfaction at the good work done by you and now happily concluded by this graduation, and next, the warmest good wishes for the career upon which you are about to enter.

During the time you have spent at the Tabitha Hospital your competency and ability have been thoroughly tried, and your fitness for the great undertaking of nursing the sick has been put to a severe test. If there existed any weakness in your make-up, moral, mental or physical, that would in any way disqualify you from taking up this occupation, if there were any hindrance to your becoming thoroughly successful in it, such weakness would have been discovered, and you would not today have received your license to practise nursing. We can therefore all with assurance congratulate you heartily upon the proof you have given of your thorough fitness for this great profession.

I say "profession," for nursing has become a profession just as much as the other vocations in life that are commonly so termed. In the same degree as they it requires a long course of faithful study and application beside the most careful training and preparation, and for real success it also demands aptitude and fitness. It is in

every way as dignified as the other professions—the law, the medicine, the ministry,—and in some respects, as I shall show, it surpasses all of these.

It is not an occupation of ease and comfort that you have selected; on the contrary, it is, if rightly pursued, as hard and taxing work as is to be found in life. It demands no mean powers and no small resource of physical strength. It calls not only for mental and moral qualities of the highest order—good judgment, patience, cheerfulness, steadfastness, perseverance—but also an exceptional supply of nerve—good, strong nerve.

It offers as no other vocation opportunity for the two things most worthwhile in life; the development of character and the helping of one's fellowbeings. There is no place where selfabnegation and selfsacrifice—the acts that really go to make character—are so often called for as in the sickroom. There is certainly no other place where as much can be done to bring help, comfort, solace, encouragement, peace to suffering humanity. The consummate ability of the distinguished physician, the incomparable skill of the renowned surgeon are, in promoting the real comfort and happiness of the sick, insignificant in comparison with the never-failing watchfulness and care of the perfect nurse. Through the long nights of feverish wakening and through the long weeks or months of slow convalescence, it is the nurse's ever-ready hand and ever-watchful spirit that lures the sick man forward on the road to recovery. It is the hand that smoothes the pillow and strokes the brow that convinces the depressed spirit of the never-failing sympathy of mankind,

and so gives new interest and new hope in life. Longfellow describes beautifully the angel of the sickroom in his tribute to "The lady with the lamp":

"Lo; in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."

But this difficult and taxing occupation is not without its great compensations and rewards. The realization of relieving successfully want and suffering must of itself be a constant source of gratification. The ever-increasing fund of gratitude of men and women that have been cared for must be a joy and satisfaction to the nurse. The acquaintance made in many a sickroom between patient and nurse grows from mutual esteem into a friendship lasting throughout life. Heroic deeds of nursing are applauded by the entire world. When a vote was taken in England on the question of the most popular woman in the British realm, there was an overwhelming majority for Florence Nightingale, the heroic nurse of the Crimean war.

And so, upon your entrance into this career of such great possibilities, such great responsibilities and such great rewards we wish you with all our heart: Success, Good Luck and God Speed!

Tale ved Bjørnson Mindefesten i Orchestra Hall, Chicago, den 30te Juni 1910.

Norske Mænd og Kvinder!

Nylig gik det Budskab udover Verden: Norges store Høvding er ikke mere! Det norske Folks vældige Mærkesmand er sunket til Jorden! Den norske Skalds mægtige rungende Stemme, som i over et halvt Aarhundrede har lydt fra Landsende til Landsende, er stilnet! Der er Landesorg i gamle Norge!

Ja, der blev Landesorg, som man ikke har seet Mage til før i det Land eller i noget andet. Sorg, som ikke kom til nogen enkelt Kreds af Slegt og Venner; sorg, som ramte hele det norske Folk, store og smaa, høie og lave, Mænd, Kvinder og Barn, som gjorde det stilt overalt — i de tusen Hjem. Det var en Mors Sorg over Sønnen — Mor Norges Sorg over sin kjæreste og gjæveste Søn — den Søn, som først kaldte hende "Mor!"

Og saa stelte Mor Norge med ham som det største og dyrebareste hun eiet — med Stolthed, Ærefrygt, Hæder.

"Saa kom, din Hjemfærd er beredt
Alt Norge er i Foraar klædt;
din Maidrøm er knoppet ind
i Tusen lyse Barnesind;
den Livets Magt, hvorpaa du tror,
slaar Brudeslør om vaarvarm Jord —
Saa kom! — Hun venter dig din Mor!"

Hans Bøn blev opfyldt, naar han bad:

"Syng mig frem over Hav.
Syng mig hjem til min Grav
i vor Jord,
hos min Mor."

Folket strømmet fra alle Landets Kanter for at vise den sidste Hæder, for at sige det sidste Tak. Norges Stormænd var alle der. En anden Høvding, ogsaa en Kjæmpeskikkelse bekjendt for Stordaad, talte om hans Liv og Færd og tolket den store Landesorg, medens hele det norske Folk stod og lyttet med grædende Hjerte.

De nordiske Nabolande kunde ikke se saadan Landesorg i Norge uden at være med; selv den Bror, fra hvem vi er blit saa fjernet. Sveriges ypperste Skald bragte denne Hilsen:

"Rundt om ser jag ett helt land försänkt i djupaste sorg. Det "er inte den svala klagan, som så ofta blir hörd när något berömdt "namn stryks ut ur lifvets bok. Här är det i fullaste mening barn, "som sörja sin far. Det är, som hade det med ens blifvit tyst och "dödt öfver fjällen. Men bakom vemodet i allas ögon framtindrar "hela tiden en obeskrifligt stilla, nästan helig glädje. Det er "glädjen hos ett folk att ha fått en sådan höfding att begrava. Vi "få gå langt upp i de norska häfderna, ändå till äldsta dagar, för "att söka din like. Höfding, höfding, ännu i döden höfding!

"När vi svenskar ha tänkt på Norge, då ha vi tänkt på dig. När "vi ha harmats, då ha vi harmats paa dig. — —

"Ja, djupt i folkens själ, i det förtegna,
der brusar ändå evigt brödrasången.
Här stå vi kvar och se mot solnedgången
och sörja dig som en af våra egna."

Hvad laa der til Grund for denne Norges Landesorg —hvad gjorde, at enhver følte det som et personligt Tab?

Jo, det var det, at enhver norsk Mand og Kvinde, ethvert Barn i Hus og Hytte over hele Norges Land følte, at han i Bjørnson havde tabt en Ven, som havde gi't ham noget af det bedste han eiet. Til nogle havde han bragt Trøst i Sorgen, til andre Opmuntring til Arbeide og Daad, til alle den uforlignelige Nationalsang og Inspiration til den varmeste Fædrelandskjærlighed.

Ja, medens han var Forfatter, Digter, Taler, Politiker og alt det andet, saa tænker vi dog helst paa ham, og han maa altid være os størst og kjærest — som Fædrelandsven. Hvor betegnende er ikke disse Ting, man har sagt om ham:

"Selve hans Navn klinger som en Festfanfare."

"At nævne Bjørnsons Navn er som at folde ud det norske Flag."

"For Norge var han Fanen, det rent norske Flag og selve det historiske Vaaben: Den skridende Løve med Hellebarden."

"I Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson havde Norge endelig tonet Flag — rent Flag."

og ikke mindre betegnende hvad han selv siger:

"Den lange norske Vimpel, der smelder i mit Navn."

"Jeg vil bo i Norge, jeg vil pryle og pryles i Norge, jeg vil synge og dø i Norge, vær vis paa det."

Bjørnsons Liv danner et eget Afsnit i Norges Historie. I vort nationale Liv og Udvikling blev han Wergelands Efterfølger og Arvtager, og lige til det sidste svigtet han aldrig dette sit høie Kald. Norges første nulevende Hi-

storiker har sagt: Skulde jeg skrive en Bog om Norges Historie i det 19de Aarhundrede, saa blev første Bind: Henrik Wergeland, andet Bind: Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. I hele dette historiske Afsnit — disse Halvhundrede Aar —var der ikke en Begivenhed af nogen Betydning, hvor han ikke stod forrest i Kampen. Gjennem hele sit Liv var han inderlig sammen med sit Folk, og han delte trofast i Fremgang og Modgang godt og ondt. Hele hans Liv blev viet det norske Folk; han blev det Øie, i hvilket det saa sin egen Sjæl. Han tænkte og talte paa dets Vegne lige ud af dets Hjerte; han blev dets store og sande Tolk; for Udenverdenen blev han Symbolet paa sit Land — han blev Norge.

Bjørnson forstod tilfulde, og han glemte aldrig os Udflytterfolket, og i Arnes Længsel efter at komme "Over de høie Fjelde", tolket han vor Udfærdstrang. Han vedblev ogsaa at være Mellemleddet i vor Længsel tilbage til det gamle Land — han var i sig selv et Normandsforbund. Hans Ord og Tanker dør aldig — de er uforgjængelige; de vil altid leve i Normænds Hjerter her som i Norge. Ligesom Norge altid vil være Del af vort Liv, saa vil ogsaa altid Bjørnson leve.

INDHOLD.

Side

Speech delivered in Kuhn's Park, Chicago, May 17th 1897 on The Constitution of Norway..... 7

Three Letters from Norway to The Lake Forester written during the summer of 1902..... 10

Speech delivered at Brands Park, Chicago, May 17th 1903 on celebration of the day and on "Skandinavisme"..... 22

Remarks (introducing Frank O. Lowden and John M. Harlan by F. H. Gade, at the Republican Mass Meeting in Lake Forest, Ill., October 17th 1904..... 32

Speech on "America" delivered at banquet for the Norwegian Student Singers at the Sherman House, Chicago, May 22nd 1905 35

Letter to the President of the United States accompanying petition for recognition of Norway's new government... 39

Remarks by F. H. Gade, Mayor, at the last council meeting of his administration, May 7th 1906..... 40

Tale ombord paa Dampskibet "Hellig Olav" den 3die August 1906 i Anledning Kong Haakons Fødselsdag..... 44

Tale for Kaptein Roald Amundsen ved Nationalforbundets Banket i Pierson's Hall, Chicago, den 4de Nov. 1906.... 47

Skaaltale: "Damerne" ved den norske Kvartetklubs Banket i Chicago den 19de Januar 1907..... 50

Tale for Minister Christian Hauge ved Nationalforbundets Banket for ham i Chicago den 16de Mai 1907..... 52

Speech for America at "Syvende Juni" celebration at Wicker Park Hall, Chicago, June 7th 1907..... 54

Tale ved Idrætsforeningen "Sleipners" Folkefest i Brands Park, Chicago, den 19de Juni 1907 — Betydningen af 7de Juni..... 58

Tale ved Sønner af Norges Midsommerfest i Minneapolis den 23de Juni 1907..... 63

Tale for (Norge) Michelsen ved Sangforeningen Bjørgvins 25 Aars Jubilæum, Chicago, d. 2den Juli 1907..... 68

Side

Tale for Kaptein Roald Amundsen ved Banketten for ham i Congress Hotel, Chicago, d. 11te Nov. 1907..... 71

Tale ved Festen i Orchestra Hall, Chicago, i Anledning Bjørnsons Fødselsdag, 27de Nov. 1907..... 73

Tale for Den Norske Kvartetklub ved dens 18-Aarsfest i Chicago den 11te Januar 1908..... 76

Tale for Det Norske Nationalforbund ved dets Fest i Bjørgvins Hall, Chicago, d. 17de Februar 1908..... 78

Tale ved Det Norske Tabitha Hospitals Koncert i Wicker Park Hall, Chicago, den 11te Marts 1908..... 83

Speech at dinner of Board of Trustees of the Deerfield Township Highschool, Highland Park, Ill., May 11th, 1908... 86

Syttende Mai Tale holdt i Fargo, N. D., den 16de Mai og i Grand Forks, N. D., den 18de Mai 1908..... 91

Speech at opening of the bazaar of Norw. Luth. Deaconesses Hosp., Northwest Hall, Chicago, October 28th 1908..... 100

Tale ved Overrækkelsen af Kongens og Dronningens Portrætter til Det Norske Alderdomshjem i Chicago, den 23de Januar 1909..... 103

Tale ved Overrækkelsen af Kongens og Dronningens Portrætter ved Det Norske Børnehjem i Chicago den 14de Februar 1909 105

Oration—on "Patriotism"—delivered at graduation exercises of Deerfield Township Highschool at Ravinia Park Theatre, Ill., June 17th 1909..... 108

Tale ved Nedlægningen af Grundstenen til Det Norske Alderdomshjems nye Bygning, Chicago, den 27de Juni 1909... 119

Introduktion af Frøken Gina Krog ved hendes Foredrag i Bjørgvins Hall, Chicago, den 22de Juli 1909..... 123

Tale for Norge ved Hundredeaarsfesten til Ole Bulls Minde i Bjørgvins Hall, Chicago, 5te Februar 1910..... 125

Speech to the graduating nurses of Norwegian Tabitha Hospital delivered June 21st 1910..... 127

Tale ved Bjørnson Mindefesten i Orchestra Hall, Chicago, den 30te Juni 1910..... 130

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